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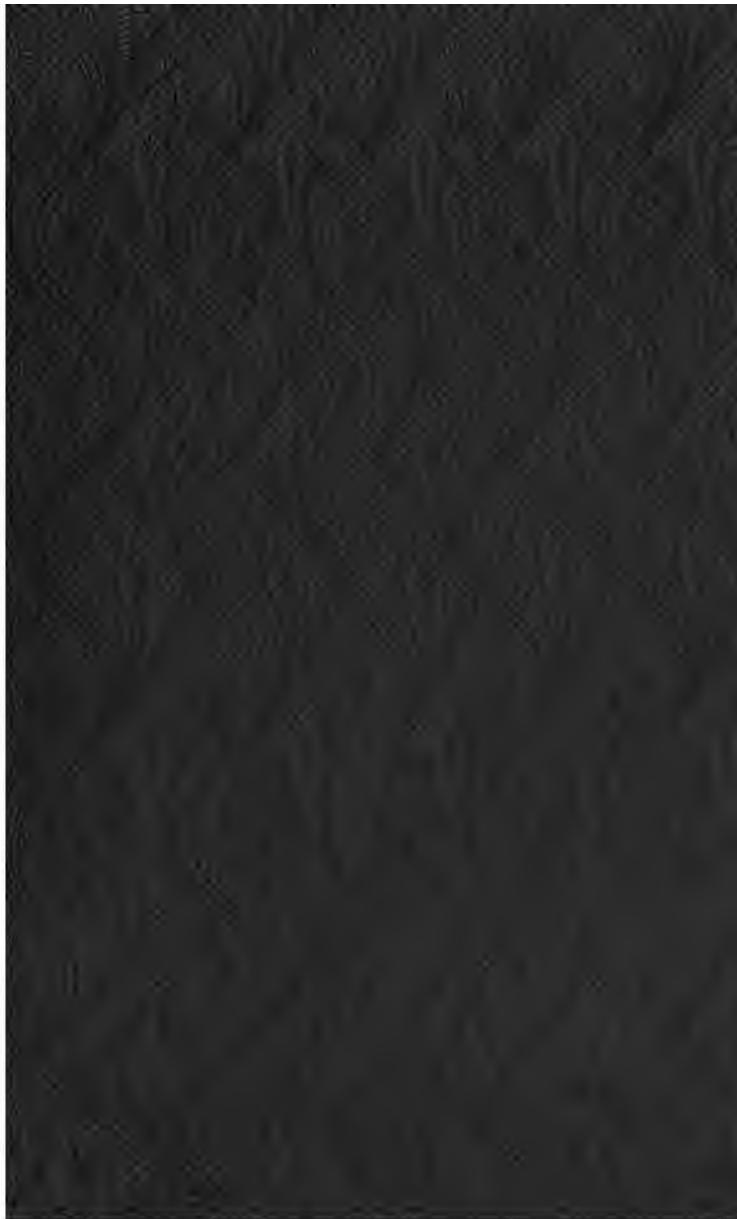
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THE HISTORY of TOMMIE BROWN



"LET PAIN BE PLEASURE AND
PLEASURE BE PAIN."







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THE
HISTORY OF TOMMIE BROWN
AND
THE QUEEN OF THE FAIRIES

Printed by R. & R. Clark

FOR

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Wee Tommie dancing with the Fairies.—*Frontispiece.*

THE HISTORY
OF
TOMMIE BROWN
AND
The Queen of the Fairies



EDINBURGH: DAVID DOUGLAS
1880

251. 9. 190.



Wee Tommie dancing with the Fairies.—*Frontispiece.*

THE HISTORY
OF
TOMMIE BROWN
AND
The Queen of the Fairies



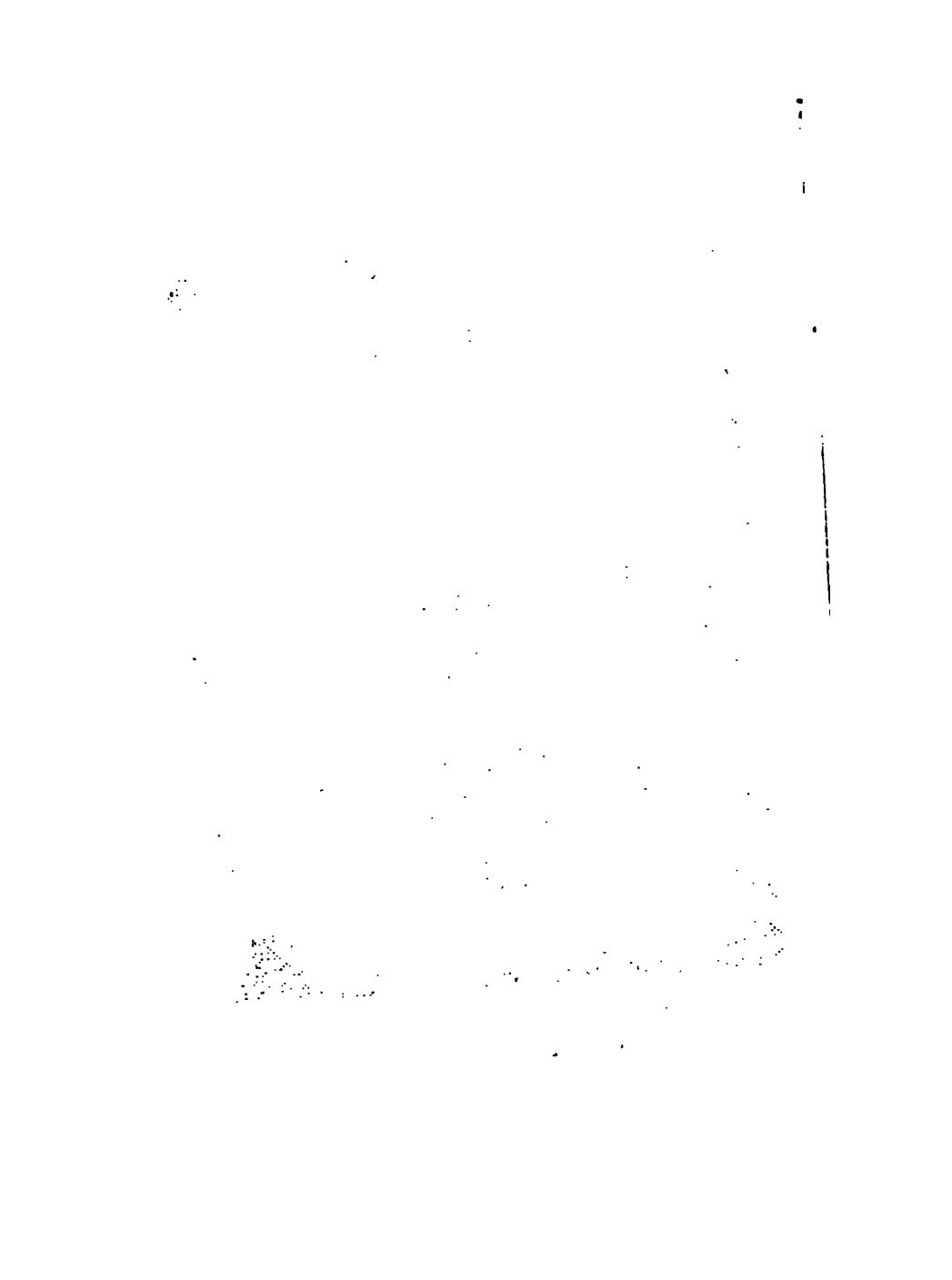
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1880

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Wee Tommie dancing with the Fairies.—*Frontispiece.*

7. 17



THE HISTORY
OF
TOMMIE BROWN
AND
The Queen of the Fairies



EDINBURGH: DAVID DOUGLAS
1880

251. g. 190.

P R E F A C E.

THE origin of this little Christmas story may be told in few words. The author has been in the habit, for many years, of telling stories to some little English nieces. They were founded mainly on Scottish superstitions. The story of Tommie Brown and his adventures was the first of these tales, and the author had to repeat it so often that at last he had it privately printed. He has since been so frequently asked for copies that he has resolved now to publish it. No alterations have been made on the text as originally privately printed, but the illustrations by Mr. A. Imlach have been

added. The remarks made by the children are, in the main, genuine, and the Epilogue contains the real Irish legend of the origin of the fairies. The only liberty taken with it has been to transfer the scene to Scotland.

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To
ELMA AND ZOE B.
ZOE AND BEATRICE T.
AND
Baby
THIS STORY
WHICH WAS EXTRACTED PIECemeAL FROM THE BRAINS
OF
THEIR UNCLE
UNDER SEVERE PRESSURE
AND SEEMED TO HAVE A STRANGE ATTRACTION
FOR THOSE TO WHOM IT WAS TOLD
IS
RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED



PROLOGUE.

Elma. Please, Uncle W., will you tell us a story ?

All. A story ! a story !

Uncle. I will try, dears, tho' I am not a very good hand at telling stories, and I dare say it will be very stupid. But, tell me first, is it to be sense or nonsense ?

Respectable minority. Oh ! sense of course !

Overwhelming majority. No ; nonsense ! nonsense ?

Baby sententiously. Nonsense stories are stupid.

Great outcry, and universal snubbing of

Baby, who shuts up with an air of supreme contempt.

Uncle. Tell me, then, each of you, what you would wish it to be about.

Elma. About the Scotch Fairies.

Both Zoës. About real people and their children.

Uncle. Then you don't think Fairies are real people?

Elma. I don't believe in Fairies.

Uncle. But how can I tell you a story about people, if you don't believe in them?

The rest, graciously. Oh! we all believe in Fairies, if you will only tell us about them.

Elma, offering a compromise. I will believe in Fairies while you are telling the story, [*to herself*], but not one minute after it is done.

Zoë and Beattie. And tell us about a

otch school ; they are to go to it and say
eir lessons, you know.

Uncle. But Scotch Fairies don't go to
ool.

*Zoë and Beattie, with contempt for their
uncle's slowness of comprehension.* No, not the
Fairies, but the real people ; that is, their chil-
ren, you know.

Baby, emerging, with ferocity. And they
to be naughty, and to be dreadfully
ished.

Uncle. Then I must go back a little, for
ce the railways and telegraphs have come
the Fairies have gone out, and children are
now "dreadfully punished" in schools as
y used to be, so I must take you back to
days when King Tawse reigned in all the
Scotch schools.

Children. Who was King Tawse?—was he a real person?

Uncle. You shall hear about him presently.

Children. But did you ever see him?

Uncle. Yes, I was born in his reign, and when I was a little boy at school, I used to see him every day, and had sometimes to hold out my hand to him.

Children. Was that a great honour?

Uncle, drily. Very. And now for the story, which is called

THE
HISTORY OF TOMMIE BROWN
AND
THE QUEEN OF THE FAIRIES.

I MUST first tell you

How Tommie Brown was stolen by the Fairies.

In Scotland a great part of the country is full of mountains, and the farmers put sheep upon these mountains to feed upon the grass, and have shepherds to take care of them. Some of the mountains are very high and covered with rocks and heather, and the sheep

upon them are called blackfaced sheep, because their faces are black. They are more hardy than the others, and their wool is coarser, and they feed on the tufts of grass among the rocks and heather. Other mountains are not so high or pointed, and are covered to the top with grass. The sheep which feed upon them are called cheviots. Their faces are white and the wool finer. It is among these latter mountains that the Fairies in Scotland love to dwell, and where I put the scene of my story. You must fancy a valley among green rounded mountains, which I shall call Douglaston. Down this valley flows a stream, which I shall call the Douglas water. It rises in a mountain called Benshee, which, in Gaelic, means the Hill of the Fairies, and flows past a number of small green mounds, called Fairy

Knowes. On the top of each of these grassy mounds there is a ring marked by the grass being worn away, and these are called Fairy Rings. The stream then flows past a cottage containing two rooms, with some outhouses and a small garden, in which the shepherd lives who takes care of the sheep on Benshee and the neighbouring hills. About a mile below this cottage the stream flows past a low white-washed house, in one part of which lives the schoolmaster, and the rest of it consists of the schoolroom, in which the village children are taught. After passing the schoolhouse, the stream flows through a village, which I shall call Douglastown, and where there is a wooden bridge over the river leading to the church, and the house, called in Scotland, the manse, where the clergyman resides. About two miles

below the village the stream flows through a park, among the trees of which you can see the chimneys of the manor-house, where the lord of the manor lives, and after leaving the park, it passes through some uneven sandy ground, covered with coarse grass, and flows into the sea in the middle of a fine sandy bay.

Between the park and the shore the turnpike road goes parallel to the sea, and from it there is a cross road, which goes along the bank of the river, passes on the other side of the manor-house, where there is a gate and lodge to the approach, and reaches the village. It is then continued as far as the schoolhouse, but between the road and the river are two fields extending from the schoolhouse to the village. The field next the schoolhouse is given up to the children as a playground, and

there is a path through the next field, with a stile over the wall at each end, by which the children generally go from the village to the school.

Well, once upon a time, there lived in the shepherd's cottage a shepherd, whose name was Thomas Brown; he was a young and steady man, and was much respected for his honesty and good sense. He had recently married a young woman, the daughter of the schoolmaster, a stern old man who was resolved to do his duty to the children—strict and severe to the idle and unruly, but kind to those who behaved well and learned their lessons.

When the story opens, the first, and, as it proved, only child of the shepherd and his wife had just been born. He was christened

Thomas, after his father, but was generally called little Tommie Brown.

When the little child was born, its father, who knew all the stories and traditions about the Fairies, reminded his wife that they lived near the hill, called Benshee, where Fairies were supposed to dwell, and near so many Fairy Knowes, where they were said to dance on the moonlight nights, and that nothing delighted the Fairies more than to steal little new-born children from their cradles ; and he told her that the only way to protect the child from the Fairies was never to go out and leave the child alone in the house, unless she had in the morning said the Lord's Prayer over it, and blessed the child and the bed it lay on.

This his wife promised most faithfully to do. The shepherd used to leave the house at

daybreak to look after the sheep on the hills. His wife used to get up later, and when she had dressed herself, she said the Lord's Prayer over her child, and blessed it and the bed it lay on. She then went out to one of the out-houses where they kept a cow, and milked it. She then returned to the house and made some oatmeal porridge, and when the shepherd came home to breakfast, he found a nice plate of porridge waiting on the table, and a basin of sweet milk beside it—his wife standing at the table with a bright smile of welcome, and little Tommie crowing, and sprawling, and kicking in bed—and he kissed his child and then reverently took off his bonnet, and folded his hands and asked a blessing on the meal, and sat down with his wife to breakfast; and he was a very happy man.

And so matters went on, till one day his wife went very tired to bed, having been washing all day, and next morning unfortunately overslept herself. And when the shepherd came home to breakfast as usual, he heard a great noise of lowing and bellowing in one of the outhouses. When he went to see what it was, he found it was the cow routing, because it had not been milked ; for when cows are milked at the same time every morning, they make a great noise if the time passes over, and they are not relieved of their milk.

The shepherd was surprised that it had not been done, as his nice little wife was very attentive to her duties ; but when he went into the house, he found her fast asleep in bed. So he awoke her, and told her to make haste and milk the cow, and get breakfast prepared,

and that he would go to look after a sick sheep, and return in half an hour.

His wife, who was ashamed of her laziness, sprang out of bed, and in her hurry to get the cow milked, she threw on a wrapper, and ran out to the byre or cow-house, entirely forgetting to say her prayer over her little child, and to bless it and the bed it lay on.

When she returned with her pail of milk and looked at the bed, to her horror and astonishment, she found poor little Tommie gone, and a little brown misshapen creature in his place, that snarled and grinned at her, and tried to bite her when she touched it.

She gave a cry of dismay, and searched everywhere for her child, but in vain; and then, dressing hastily, and preparing her husband's breakfast, she sat down, and, throw-

ing her apron over her head, began to weep and moan.

When the shepherd returned to the house he found his breakfast ready and his wife sitting in her chair with her apron over her head, rocking from side to side, and weeping and moaning as if her heart would break. On his saying, “For God’s sake, what has happened?” she sobbed out an account of what had taken place.

The shepherd was dreadfully shocked, but being a man of a calm, resolute temper and much good sense, he did not get angry and scold his wife, as most people would have done—for that could do no good, and would only make her more unhappy—but he stooped down and kissed her, and said, “It is very unfortunate; little Tommie has evidently

been carried off by the Fairies, who have left a little Brownie in his place, and the only thing to be done now is to try to get him back." Then he told her to dry her eyes and compose herself, and that he would go out every moonlight night, when the Fairies were supposed to dance in the Fairy Rings, and watch till he recovered her child.

Accordingly, that night, as the moon was shining, instead of going to bed, he went out to the nearest Fairy Knowe, and lay down, and watched till the moon went down, but nothing happened; next night he went to another Fairy Knowe, but all was again quiet; the third night he was more successful, for, as he watched at a Fairy Knowe, he heard the sound of tiny musical voices in the air, and then the patter of little feet dancing in the

ring to the sweetest singing he ever heard, and his heart beat as he heard among these the whimpering and crying of a little child, which he was sure was little Tommie's voice ; so, in his agony to get hold of him, he rushed up to the top of the Knowe, and made a dash to where he heard his child's voice, when there arose a screaming and a rushing in the air, though he saw no one, and then all was still, and no child was to be seen.

After waiting some time he went disconsolately home. This was the last night of moonlight, and the poor shepherd had to wait till the moonlight nights began to come again, and then he went out to watch again at the Fairy Knowes.

The very first night the same scene occurred again. He distinctly heard the

Fairies coming—the sound of dancing and singing—and the crying of a child, but whenever he rushed up he heard them go away, and all became quiet again, and he never could see either the fairies or his child ; and this happened for several nights, till at last, what with anxiety, and with being on the hill all day with his sheep, and watching every night during the moonlight, the poor shepherd became quite worn out, while his poor wife, what with grief and with the torment the little Brownie gave her, lost her pleasant looks, and wandered like a shadow about the house.

At last, one night when the shepherd was watching at the Fairy Knowe as usual, he was so fatigued that he fell fast asleep on the grass. How long he slept he did not know, but he

awoke with the sound of tiny voices in his ear, and listening without moving, he heard one voice say, "The shepherd can't be watching as usual to-night, for he has not disturbed us in our dancing." To which another voice answered, "He may watch as he likes, he can never see us, or get back his child again." Then a very commanding voice said, "Not unless he catches us upon the Fairy Knowe where the Holy Well is, and can sprinkle us with the water of it; then he will get his child back." Then the first voice said, "But we can steal it again." To which the last voice answered, "Not if its mother protects it with her prayer and blessing; but little Tommie will always be able to see us, and if we can tempt him to do three foolish things in his life, we shall have power over any child he may

have ;" and then the shepherd heard the Fairies depart as usual, and went home himself.

He recollect ed that there was a spring of clear water on one of the Fairy Knowes, which was called by the people the Holy Well ; and when the moonlight nights again came, he took a can with him, and went to it, filled the can with water from the Holy Well, and lay down and watched there, but nothing happened. He still went, night after night, till at last, one night, he heard the usual sound of the Fairies coming, and the singing and dancing, and again distinguished the sound of the whimpering and crying of a child, on which he sprang to the top with his can of water, and threw the water over the top, and then there was such a hurry skurry, and screaming and rushing, and then he heard the crying of

a child, and there was little Tommie lying alone on his back without his clothes, on the top of the Knowe, and kicking and crying most lustily.

With a cry of joy he took the child in his arms and ran home with him, and into the room, calling out, “Wife! wife! here is little Tommie again, and none the worse for his life among the Fairies;” and his wife sprang out of bed, and was like to go out of her judgment for joy, and kissed and hugged little Tommie till he was nearly suffocated; and then she told her husband that she had been awakened by a sudden yell of dismay from the little Brownie, which had jumped out of its bed and darted through the window, which happened to be open. So they got back little Tommie, and never saw more of the little



The Brownie leaves the shepherd's cottage.—P. 20.



Brownie, and the shepherd's wife never forgot again to say the prayer over little Tommie and bless him and the bed he lay on, before she went out to milk the cow.

And now I must tell you

How the Fairies tempted little Tommie to do the first foolish thing : and what came of it.

When Tommie came to be six years old he was a sturdy little fellow, full of life and spirit, dressed in a jacket and kilt, with bare legs and feet—for the little Scotch boys of his class don't wear shoes and stockings—and was almost the whole day in the open air, playing about the door of the cottage ; and his papa, seeing how strong and hardy he was, said it was time he should begin to be useful, and

that he must go out and help to herd the lambs on the hill ; and he gave him a grey woollen plaid to keep him warm, and a young sheep dog, or collie, as they are called in Scotland, who had just been trained, to go along with him ; and he told his wife that she must give him a lesson every morning before he went out, as he must now learn his letters, and to read and write.

Tommie liked the herding very much. He spent the whole day on the hill, and took his dinner with him, and amused himself, when it was fine, by running about and playing with the sheep dog, and preventing the lambs from straying ; and when it rained, he wrapped his plaid about him, and got under the shelter of some rock, and sat there dreaming about the Fairies ; for he knew that he had been stolen

by them when an infant, and was always asking for stories about them, and wondering whether he would ever see them again ; but he did not like his lessons at all, and, as he was careless, and his mother very indulgent, he made very little progress ; and so matters went on till Tommie was nine years old.

On his birthday of nine his papa told him to bring his book, and let him hear how he could read. Tommie brought it, looking very much ashamed, and his papa found that, though he knew his letters, he read very ill, and could hardly spell, and wrote very badly, and knew nothing of arithmetic, so he said that this would never do at all, and that he could not have Tommie growing up an ignorant boy, and that he must leave off herding, and go to school for the next few years.

Tommie did not like the idea at all. He was sorry to give up his life on the hill, and thought that being kept all day in school, and having to learn lessons, would be very disagreeable ; but he could not help himself, for he knew that his father must be obeyed, and that, when he once said a thing, it must be done.

So, next morning, when his father told him after breakfast to get ready for school, he rose without a murmur and put on his Highland bonnet and went with his father. So they walked down the bank of the river till they came to the low white-washed house in which the village school was held, and, as they came up to it, they found one of the doors open, and heard within it the murmur of young voices, and occasionally a stern voice giving them

directions what to do, or finding fault. On going in at the open door Tommie found himself in a large low-roofed room, and looked curiously around. Along the three sides of the room were long desks for writing on, and in front of them, forms, or benches, on which a number of children, both boys and girls, were sitting, with their faces turned to the opposite side of the room, in the middle of which was a desk, and behind it was sitting a grave elderly man, with a stern but not severe look in his face. Upon the top of his desk were a number of books, and at the side of it, hanging from a nail, was a long, brown, ominous-looking, leather strap, divided at the lower end into several thongs, the points of which had been burnt in the fire till they were quite hard. The elderly man was the school-

master, and the leather strap was what the children called the Tawse, and with it was given the only punishment formerly used in Scotch schools, and still is in many of the country schools.

Tommie's papa then said to the schoolmaster, "I have brought you little Tommie as a scholar, as it is time that he should go to school ;" so the schoolmaster told the children on one of the forms to make room for Tommie at the end of it, and his father placed Tommie there, and then left him. Tommie sat there, with tears in his eyes, looking very doleful, and wondered what was coming next ; but the schoolmaster took no notice of him, and went on hearing the other children their lessons. and Tommie soon began to be amused watching what was going on. Each child, as it was

called upon, stood up and said its lesson, and if it made a mistake, the master pointed to the next child below it, and the next, and so on, till one of them corrected the mistake, and went and sat above the child who was saying its lesson ; and if it made many mistakes, then the master took the Tawse, and threw it so that it lighted on the floor at its feet, and he did the same if any boy or girl was inattentive or was talking, and then the boy or girl picked up the Tawse, and carried them back to the master, and holding out first the right and then the left hand, received several strokes with the Tawse on the palm of each hand, and Tommie was highly amused at the wry faces they made, and how they tried to draw back their hand, and escape the stroke ; and then he wondered how he should like it if

he got it himself, but he thought that, as the schoolmaster was his grandpapa, he might treat him more gently.

Towards the end of the school hours Tommie was called up, and made to read and spell, and to work out a sum in Addition ; but the schoolmaster found him so backward, that he put him down to the lowest form, and gave him a lesson which he told him he must prepare with his father or mother at home, and be ready to say when he came next day.

When the school broke up Tommie began to play with the other children, and made great friends with them all, and then ran home, not ill pleased with his first day at school, for he had never before had any companions ; but he never thought more about his lesson, and took his supper and went to





Tommie can't say his lessons.—P. 29.

bed without preparing it. Next day his father sent him off to school after breakfast, and it was only when he entered the schoolroom that he recollect ed he had not learnt his lesson, and wondered what would happen to him. He was not left long in doubt. When it came to his turn to say his lesson, he said it so badly that he was taken down at every word, till he dropped down to the very bottom of the whole school, and then the Tawse came clattering to the floor at his feet, and the stern voice of the schoolmaster told him to pick them up and bring them to him. When he did so, somewhat hesitatingly, the master said, “It is evident, Tommie, you have not prepared your lesson at all. Hold out your hand.” And he gave him half a dozen sharp strokes on the palm of each hand. The smart

and, instead of throwing the Tawse to him as usual, told him to come to him, and, as he stood before him, the master unlocked a drawer and took out a strap much longer and heavier than the Tawse usually used. It was called by the boys the Muckle Tawse, for "muckle" is the Scotch for large, and only appeared when some very grave offence was committed, and, amid the awe-struck silence of the school, he made Tommie hold out his hand, and gave him a severe punishment with it. The pain of the first stroke was so violent, that Tommie screamed, and tried to draw back his hand, but the master compelled him to receive his full punishment, while Tommie, who usually bore it without wincing, screamed, and roared, and danced under the infliction, and when it was done, seeing the door of the schoolroom

open, instead of going back to his seat, he darted through the open door and ran home as fast as he could. But, when he came in sight of the cottage, he recollect ed that his father would be sure to send him back to school, when he came home to dinner, so he ran past it and up the bank of the stream, till he came to the Fairy Knowes, and he sat down on the top of one of them, crying, and squeezing his hands to deaden the pain, and looking wistfully at the hill where he used to herd the lambs.

While gazing at the hill-side he observed a sort of hole or cave in the side of the hill, which he did not recollect to have seen before, and, to his great surprise, as he sat there, looking at it, and sobbing and crying, he suddenly saw a singular procession of little people coming out of it. There were first a

number of little brown people walking two and two. Then followed a number of little people with bright looks and clothed in white, both male and female, riding upon white rabbits; and last of all, a large white rabbit, on which was sitting a small female figure, clothed in glittering white clothes, with a silver wand in her hand and a crown of gold on her head. Tommie was so frightened that he slipped down the green hillock, and hid himself in the long grass at the bottom.

The procession came on till it reached the hillock or Fairy Knowe, and proceeded up to the top of it, when the figure with the crown stopped on the top, and the rest surrounded her. A tiny musical voice then said, “Where is the little boy who was sitting crying on the top of this Knowe? Seek for him and



Tommie discovered by the Brownies.—P. 35.

bring him here." All the little brown figures then ran down the hillock, and soon found Tommie, and beckoned him to come up. So Tommie rose, and with fear and trembling dragged himself up to the top. As soon as he stood before the figure with the crown, she said to him, "Are you not Tommie Brown?" to which he managed to answer he was. She then said, "I am the Queen of the Fairies, and these are Fairies and Brownies you see about me. I stole you when you were a little child, and, if you had not been with us as a child, you could not have seen us now. I heard the sound of sobbing and crying in my hall in the centre of the hill, and felt sure it was the voice of the child we once had with us, and have come out to see why you were crying so sorrowfully. What is the matter?"

Tommie then, who had often heard that he had been with the Fairies as a child, and was not naturally a timid boy, plucked up courage, and said, "My father has sent me to school, and I am crying because the schoolmaster has punished me very severely, and I could not bear the pain, and I am sure father will send me back, and I'll be worse punished still than I have been." The queen said, "How were you punished?" Tommie said, "He whipped me with the Muckle Tawse." The queen said, "That sounds as if it were a formidable instrument. Why were you punished, Tommie?" "Because I would not learn my lessons." The queen, "Then you have only to learn your lessons and you will not be punished, Tommie." "But I have never been accustomed to learn lessons. I used to herd all day on the hill,

and was as happy as the day was long, and I want to go back and herd again ; and I can't and I won't learn lessons." The queen was pleased when she saw how foolish Tommie was, and that it would not be difficult to get him to do a foolish thing ; so she said, " What can I do for you, then, Tommie ? A fairy has great power, and I am willing to do what I can for the child that was once with us." So Tommie said, " If you are very powerful, could you make that the Tawse won't hurt me ? and then I won't mind being at school." The queen said, " Yes, I can do that. I can make everything that is painful appear pleasant to you ; but I can only do it by making everything that is pleasant appear painful to you." Tommie thought it would be a grand thing never to feel pain when he was hurt, and that

he would not mind having to give up a few pleasures ; so he begged the queen to do this.

The queen quite brightened up when she saw what a foolish thing Tommie was going to do. Then she took her wand, and waved it thrice over his head, and said, “Let pain be pleasure, and pleasure be pain ;” and this she did three times, and immediately the pain of the strokes he had received from the Muckle Tawse vanished, and he felt a delightful sensation instead, and he clapped his hands, and laughed with delight, and asked the fairy how he could thank her. So she leant towards him, and told him to kiss her ; and he did. She then told him, if he repented of his bargain, to come back to the Fairy Knowe ; and the procession then formed, and went back in the same order, till they reached the cave,

when they entered it, and disappeared. Tommie looked after them with wonder and delight, and thought whether he should follow them or go home, so he turned round and looked towards the cottage to see whether he could see his father, and then looked back to the hill, but he could not see the cave again, and the side of the hill showed no opening whatever, so he turned to run home. As he ran down the hillock, Tommie struck his foot against a sharp stone. Like all boys of his class in Scotland, Tommie went without shoes or stockings, and expected to have felt pain in his foot; but instead of that, the sensation was so pleasant, that he stopped and struck his bare foot repeatedly against the stone, till it was all bruised and covered with blood. He then limped home, feeling no pain, and

when his mamma saw him, she said, "Good gracious, Tommie! how have you hurt your foot so dreadfully?" but he said, "I struck it against a stone, but it is not at all sore." She however washed and bound up his foot, and then told him to take his supper. Tommie sat down to his nice basin of oatmeal porridge and milk, but as soon as he tasted the first spoonful, he made a wry face, and spat it out, saying that it tasted so nasty he could not eat it. His mother was quite astonished, and tasting the porridge herself, said that she never had made better. Tommie in vain tried to eat it, and, at length, looking about him, he went to the fireplace and collected a handful of ashes, and, getting some cobwebs from the window, he mixed them all with his porridge, and then he ate it with relish, and

said it was very nice. His mother was quite astonished, and did not know what to think of it, and was still more so when Tommie undressed and went into his nice warm bed, for he bounded up, and said that it hurt him to lie on the soft bed, and ran out, and collected a number of sharp flints, and strewed them in his bed, and put a large stone in place of the pillow, and then lay down on them, and, stretching himself, said that that was comfort, and fell asleep. His mamma was quite puzzled, but said nothing to her husband about it till next morning, when Tommie awoke, and got up, with his skin all black and blue, and bruised all over, and having dressed, again mixed his porridge with any nasty thing he could find. His papa looked at him with surprise, and said, "What a figure he is, and

what sort of a mess is that he is making?" when his mamma told her husband how he had behaved the evening before. His papa then looked sternly at him, and said, "Tommie, if you are playing those tricks to make yourself ill, and stay at home, instead of going to school, you will not succeed, for go to school you shall as long as you are able to crawl. Be off with you!" Tommie felt that he dare not tell what had happened with the Fairies the day before, and, putting on his bonnet, and taking his books and slate, went off unwillingly to school.

He was rather late when he went in, and took his usual seat at the bottom of the school. As soon as the schoolmaster saw him, he went and locked the door ; and then, looking sternly at Tommie, told him he must punish him for





Tommie feels pleasure instead of pain.—P. 43.

running away from school the day before, and being late that morning, and said, "Stand up, and hold out your hand," and took out the Muckle Tawse. Tommie looked round to see if he could escape, but the door was locked ; and, when the order was repeated, held out his hand with fear and trembling ; but, to his great astonishment, when he received the first stroke, instead of its causing violent pain, he felt a glow of the most delicious feeling in his hand ; so he brightened up, and, with a pleased smile, received all the strokes the master gave him, who was quite astonished that Tommie was able to bear the punishment so quietly, and that he could make no impression upon him, and only stopped when he was quite tired and out of breath.

Tommie, as usual, could not say his lesson,

and then he got a second punishment, with the same result, and was quite pleased to think that he should feel no pain now, but only great pleasure, when he was punished. The children in the school looked on with wonder and amazement, and wished they could bear the Tawse as Tommie did ; but when the school broke up, and he tried to play with them, he soon had to give it up, for everything that was pleasant to them was painful to Tommie, and what was pleasant to Tommie was painful to them ; so he had to leave them and go home. And so it went on day after day ; he continued living upon nasty messes and sleeping upon hard stones ; he never learned any lessons, and he was punished every day more and more severely, and smiled to himself when he thought how little the

master knew that it gave him only a feeling of intense pleasure instead of pain ; but he soon began to find that his position was not a very agreeable one, for he was obliged to give up playing with his school companions ; and as he remained day after day at the bottom of the whole school, they used to call out, Booby, Booby, whenever they saw him, which is the name given in Scotch schools to the lowest boy or girl. Then he was all covered with bruises, and black and blue, for if he struck his head against the branch of a tree, or tripped and fell among stones, in running home, although he felt no pain, the bruise still remained. Then his bad food was making him thin and weak, and his papa and mamma, of whom he was very fond, were dissatisfied and angry with him ; and if he ever went to

the village, some one was sure to say, “Who is that frightful-looking boy ?” and be told, “That is the shepherd’s son, the most ignorant boy in the whole parish.”

At last the schoolmaster came to his papa, and told him he must take Tommie from school, as he found it impossible to make him learn any lessons, and punishment seemed to have no effect upon him, and he only laughed at it. The shepherd was much puzzled, and thought Tommie was getting into such a bad state of health that he ought to consult the parish doctor as to what should be done with him. So next morning he told Tommie to stay at home, which he was nothing loath to do ; and then the doctor came in, and when he examined Tommie, and heard that he could not be got to eat anything but nasty messes,



The Doctor puzzled.—P. 47.

or to lie upon anything in bed but sharp flints, he said it seemed to be a case of some extraordinary disease he could not understand, but that he would soon die if he went on as he was doing, and that they should make some great change in his mode of life ; and he suggested that, as he was determined to remain ignorant, the sea was the only thing he was fit for, and that they had better ship him off in some vessel as a sailor boy, where he would have to work hard, to eat what they chose to give him, and where they would stand no nonsense. The shepherd thought that a good idea, and he told Tommie that he would take him next day to the nearest seaport, and ship him off in a coasting vessel. Tommie did not like the notion of this at all, and began to see how foolish he had been, and how he had got

into disgrace, and lost all relish for everything he used to like, merely to avoid learning a lesson. So, when his father was done with him, he slipped quietly out of the house, and then ran as fast as he could to the Fairy Knowe, where he had met the Queen of the Fairies, and sat down on the top of it, and wondered how he was to manage to see her again. He recollects that it was his crying that had brought her out before, so he began to roar and blubber as loud as he could, but nothing came of it. The noise, however, brought a herd-boy, who had replaced Tommie on the hill, round to see what the noise was, and when he saw Tommie, he was afraid he might be coming to take his place, so he picked up a stone and threw it at him to frighten him away. The stone struck Tommie on the cheek,



The new herd throwing stones at Tommie.—P. 49.

and cut it open, but, instead of feeling pain, it gave him so much pleasure that he began to laugh, and he had not been laughing long when, looking at the hill, he suddenly saw the cave in the side of it, and the procession of Brownies and Fairies coming out of it as before; and when the Queen of the Fairies reached him, she told him that she heard his laugh in her hall in the hill, and came out to see what the matter was. Tommie said he wanted to see her, and thought she would hear him crying as before, but she said, if he was not really crying, she would not hear it, as she only heard what was genuine, and not what was pretence. And then she asked what Tommie wanted. So Tommie told her how unhappy her gift had made him, and that he must either die or go to sea, and asked if she could undo

it. She said she could ; "but Tommie," she said, "you will then have to learn your lessons, and if you are punished, it will be as painful as ever ;" but Tommie said he thought he had been very foolish, and that he did not wish to be different from other boys, and would take his chance of the punishments. So then the Queen of the Fairies waved her wand over his head, and said, three times, "Let pain be pain and pleasure be pleasure ;" and, as soon as she had said it the third time, Tommie felt his cheek smart dreadfully, and clapped his hand to it, and began to cry. So the Queen of the Fairies began to laugh at his rueful face, and went, laughing, with her procession, till she disappeared in the cave again.

Tommie sat there a long time, pressing his handkerchief against his cheek, till the

pain became less severe, and then thought it was time to go home. So he ran down the Fairy Knowe, but when he saw the sharp stone at the bottom, forgetting the change that had come over him, he thought he would enjoy a few kicks with his bare foot against the stone. The first kick, however, made him scream with pain, and sent him limping home. As soon as he entered the room his mamma said, "Well, Tommie, bruised again, as usual ; and, good gracious, what have you done to your cheek ?" Tommie said the herd-boy had thrown a stone at him. So his mother dressed it, and told him to sit down to his precious mess. But Tommie looked at it with disgust, and asked his mamma to give him a plate of the nice porridge she used to make. She looked quite astonished, and said she hoped

he was coming to his senses. So she threw away the mess he usually had, and made him a plate of nice porridge, which he ate with relish. When bed time came, he lay down as usual on his hard flints, but jumped up at once with a cry of pain, and threw them all out of the house, and asked his mamma for the mattress and pillow he used to sleep on, which she gave him with pleasure, and he lay down again and soon fell fast asleep. When her husband came home, she told him what Tommie had done. He said he was glad to hear it, and hoped the change would last. Next morning, when Tommie awoke, he had but an indistinct recollection of what had happened to him; but when he had dressed himself, and saw a nice plate of porridge and milk, he sat down and ate it without thinking.

His father seeing this, said, “Tommie, if you are coming to your senses, I'll give you another chance at school, before I send you to sea ;” for both his papa and mamma were very loath to part with him. So, after breakfast, his father took him by the hand, and went down to the school with him ; and when they went in, he said to the schoolmaster, “I want you to give Tommie another trial, and have brought him to you, and I shall stay and see how he gets on. So the schoolmaster told Tommie to sit down in his place at the bottom of the school, and gave him his book and told him to learn his lesson, and that, if he could not say it, he would try the effect of the Muckle Tawse again upon him. Tommie did not mind that threat, and sat down and tried to learn his lesson, but the habit of idleness

and inattention was so strong upon him, that when he was called up he could say very little of it. Then, while his father looked on with curiosity, the schoolmaster took up the heavy Tawse and told him to hold out his hand. Tommie did so with a smile, thinking the sensation was to be as pleasant as usual; but the first stroke, to his great astonishment, made him draw in his breath with the acute pain it gave him, and, after a few more, he cried out, "Oh, please stop, sir; do stop, and I'll learn my lesson; indeed I will." So the schoolmaster stopped, and gave him back his book, and told him, if he did not do so, he should get the rest of his punishment; but, when he was called up again at the end of the hour, he said his lesson quite correctly, and then the schoolmaster gave him another to

learn, and told him he must be able to say it correctly when he came next day. His father then got up, and saying, "I think we shall do now," took him by the hand, and walked home with him. After supping again on the nice porridge and milk his mamma had ready for him, he was going to idle his time, as usual, till bed time, when, recollecting what had passed, he asked his mamma if she would help him with his lesson. His parents were glad to hear him say that, and Tommie did not go to bed till he could say his lesson quite well. He was quite surprised at the happy feeling with which he went to bed, and, after sleeping soundly all night, he awoke next morning with the same feeling, and went off to school after breakfast more cheerfully than he had ever done before.

At school he not only said his lessons correctly, but he corrected some of the children above him, and got up several places, and then the schoolmaster looked kindly at him, and praised him, and encouraged him to go on, and what was better, locked up the Muckle Tawse in his drawer, with an air, as much as to say, "I don't think we shall require you again."

When the school broke up, Tommie thought with surprise that he had not been once punished. His school companions gave up calling him 'Booby,' and when he proposed to play with them, received him with a shout, and after a good hearty game, he ran home happier than he had been for a long time. After supper his mamma reminded him of his lesson, and told him how pleased his papa

would be to hear how well he had got on, and that he had not been punished ; so he sat down contentedly to learn it, and found it was less of an effort than the evening before, and from that time Tommie learned his lessons ; and, being naturally a quick and clever boy, rose higher and higher in the school, and his master was kinder and kinder to him. He occasionally got the Tawse when he forgot himself, but the punishments were not severe, and he enjoyed his games with his school companions, and was soon on hearty terms with all of them, and at home there were nothing but kind looks and praises, and no more talk of sending him to sea ; and, with the good and nourishing food he now took, he soon got strong and well, and began to grow very tall, and Tommie was a very happy boy.

And now I must tell you

*How Tommie grew up and Married a Wife,
and became the Squire of the Parish.*

Tommie soon became one of the best scholars in the school, and was usually at the head of his class. He was in such good spirits with his progress, and received so much encouragement from the master, that he took an interest in his lessons, and he was soon as anxious to learn and acquire knowledge as he had been formerly to be idle and escape learning lessons. When he came to be sixteen, and a well-grown boy, his father thought it was time he should do something for himself, and he looked out for a situation for him as shepherd on a neighbouring farm. He then went to the schoolmaster, and told him it was time Tommie

should leave school, and go into service. The schoolmaster looked much disappointed, and then asked what wages he was to get. His father said, seven shillings a week at first; then the schoolmaster said that Tommie was so good a scholar, and so steady and industrious, he was sorry to part with him; that he was getting old and required help; and if his father would leave him in the school, he would make him his assistant to help to teach the children, and give him seven shillings a week himself. His father liked the notion very well, and Tommie, who had been looking very downcast at the prospect of leaving the school, brightened up, and said he would like it amazingly. So Tommie became assistant schoolmaster, and taught the younger children, and then he got the old schoolmaster to read Latin and Greek

with him after school hours, and, then, as he got older, he saved up money enough to buy a French and German Grammar and Dictionary, and taught himself these languages.

When Tommie was about twenty years old the old schoolmaster became so frail that he could not teach any longer, and was obliged to resign ; but he spoke so highly of Tommie that he was chosen to succeed him. So Tommie, at twenty, was appointed sole master of the school, and he could not help being amused when he found himself teaching all the village children, and punishing them with the Tawse when they did not learn their lessons, and recollect ed his own history when he was a little boy, and how often he had suffered under the master's Tawse. Tommie, however, was determined to do his duty, and

make the children learn their lessons, and they soon found that they had no chance with him ; for, having been himself at one time an idle boy that tried every way of escaping his lessons, he knew all their dodges, and saw through all their excuses ; and then he recollect ed that, when he was punished, he could always take a certain number of strokes without minding them, and that it was only when the schoolmaster exceeded these that he felt it was punishment ; so he found out the exact number of strokes each child could take without wincing, and when he had to punish them, he just gave them as many more, and the children began to see that it was decidedly an excessively unpleasant operation getting the Tawse from Tommie, and preferred learning their lessons. Their parents then began

to think that their children never had been so well taught as they were by Tommie ; that they were kept in great order and made great progress under him ; and yet, while he insisted on their learning their lessons, he was so kind to them in other respects, and was so just in his treatment of them, never punishing them except when they knew they deserved it, that the children became very fond of Tommie, and were quite happy at school, and his school was so much thought of that every one was anxious to send their children to him.

Well, one day, when Tommie was teaching in his school, a very smart carriage drove up to the door of the school, and the door opening, a magnificent footman, with powdered hair and gorgeous livery, looked in, and with a haughty air, said,



The magnificent footman enters the school.—P. 62.

“Sir William Douglas wishes to see the schoolmaster.”

Tommie, without moving, said quietly, “Tell Sir William Douglas the schoolmaster is engaged teaching his school, and cannot come.” The footman looked astonished and disappeared.

A few minutes after, a venerable-looking old gentleman came in, and said courteously,

“Mr. Brown, will you oblige me by coming out for a few minutes?”

Tommie said, “With pleasure,” got up from his seat, and followed him out. When he got out of the schoolhouse, he said, “You must not be surprised, Sir William, at the answer I gave your servant. The children think me the greatest man in the world, when in the schoolhouse, and if they saw me obey a foot-

man, they would lose all respect for me, and I should lose my authority. Out of the school I am your humble servant, but in the school I must be supreme!"

Sir William replied, "I dare say you are right, Mr. Brown, and it was inconsiderate of me. What I have to say to you is this:—I have a daughter, an only child, and in her eleventh year. She is her mother's pet, and has been so indulged that she has had absolutely no education."

"How is that?" said Tommie.

"Why," said Sir William, "her mother got governesses for her, but would not give them any authority over her, and yielded to her whenever she cried for anything; so she never would learn any lessons, and she would not allow her to be plagued with lessons, if she



made a work about it and said her head ached, or gave any excuse ; and she amuses herself all day playing, and being quite idle, and is growing up quite ignorant ; so I told Lady Douglas I must take her in hand myself ; and I hear so much of your skill in making children learn and bringing them on, that I have brought her to you to see if you will teach her."

"I shall do so most willingly," said Tommie ; "but I cannot leave my school during the day."

"I know that," said Sir William, "but I will send an easy chair for Mary to sit in, and a screen to separate her from the village children, and shall send the carriage every day to bring her and fetch her back."

"I am afraid that won't do at all," said Tommie.

“Why not?” asked Sir William.

“I succeed in teaching the children and making them learn,” said Tommie, “because I have authority over them, and can make them submit to the rules of the school, and can punish them, if they disobey; but what authority should I have over Mary, and how could I enforce it, if she chooses not to learn? and how could I have the face to punish the other children for not doing what they see I am obliged to pass over with her? You may as well keep her at home, as send her in that way.”

“But,” said Sir William, “do you mean that you will put her with the other children, and treat her like them?”

“Sir William,” said Tommie, “we know no distinctions in the school, except between

good children and naughty children, between those who learn their lessons and those who don't, and if I am to do any good, I must make no distinctions, and all must be treated alike."

"But," said Sir William, "she has never been accustomed to rough treatment like that."

"And the consequence is, she has learned nothing," said Tommie. "You admit that indulging her is not the way to make her learn, and you must choose whether you will have her grow up ignorant or subject her to school discipline, in order to make her learn."

"Well," said Sir William, "it has come to this, that anything is better than leaving her as she is, and as you seem to be very successful in making children learn, I shall put

her into your hands, and let you do as you like."

"Then she had better come at once," said Tommie.

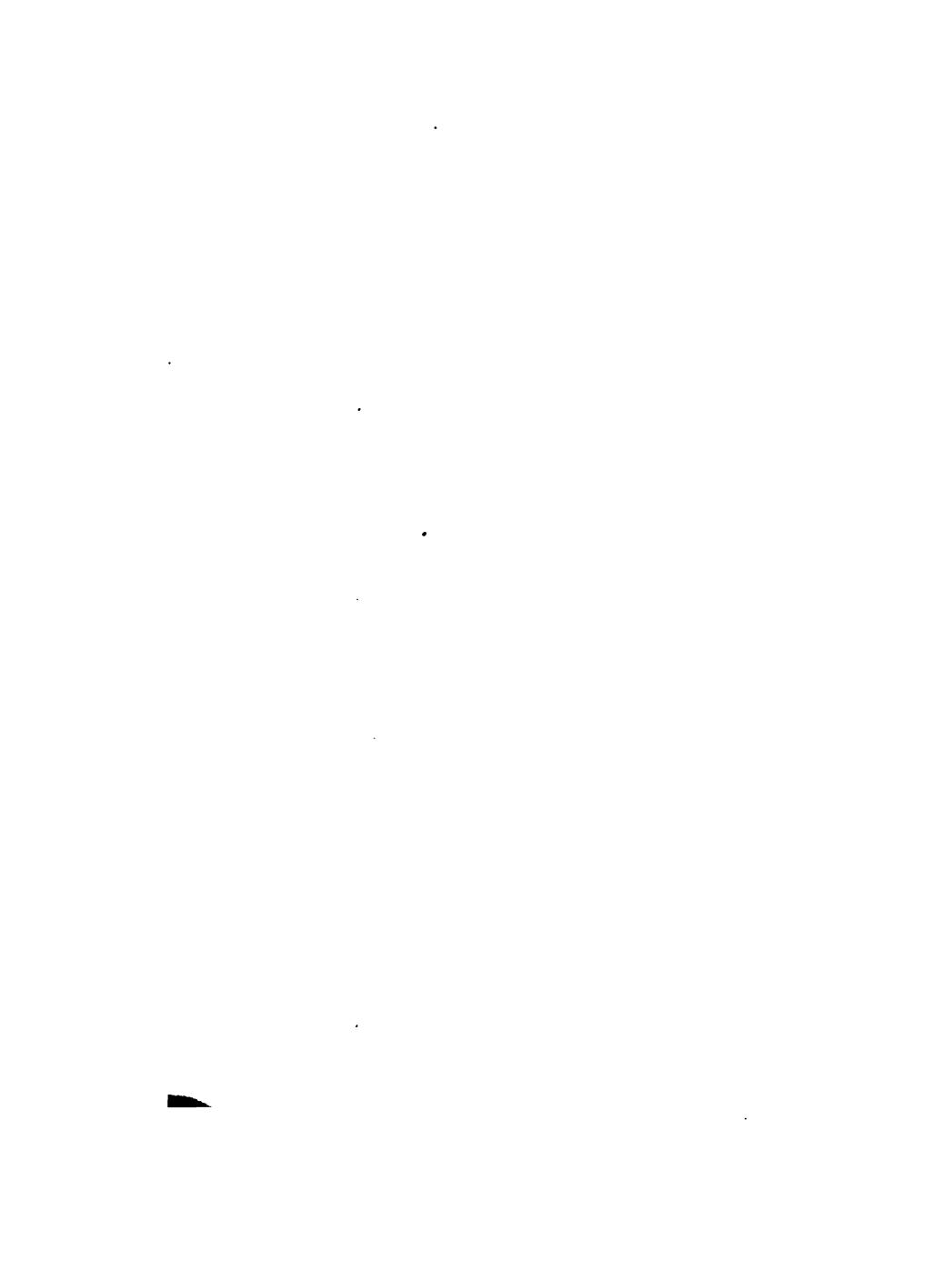
So Sir William went to the carriage, and Tommie went back into the school; and Sir William speedily came back with a very pretty-looking girl, beautifully dressed, with long fair hair hanging over her shoulders, light kid gloves on her hands, and a smart hat placed coquettishly on her head.

All the children stared as if they had seen an apparition, but Tommie said gently, "Make room, children, at the top of the second form;" and then, turning to her, said, "Mary, take your seat among these children."

She was not accustomed to be spoken to so decidedly, but there was something in the



Mary Douglas.—p. 68.



quiet, decided manner that overawed her, and, to her own surprise, she found herself sitting at the end of a form in her beautiful clothes, among all the little boys in their rough jackets and kilts, and the little girls in their cotton frocks, with their little brown legs and feet hanging down ; for they were all without shoes or stockings.

Sir William then left, and Tommie went on teaching the school. The scene was so new to Mary, that she was soon interested and amused, seeing the children called up one after another, and saying their lessons and taking places, and when occasionally the Tawse came flying to any of them, and they took it to Tommie, and then had to hold out their hands and get as many strokes as made them wince and draw in their breaths, it

tickled her fancy very much, and she could hardly keep from laughing at the faces they made, and thought it great fun.

Before the school broke up, however, Tommie gave Mary a book, and told her to stand up and let him hear her read, when he found that she read with difficulty, and could not spell at all. So he put her down to a lower form with children younger than herself, and made her read a few sentences with him, and then he told her she must read it over again at home, and be prepared with it next day, and he gave her some words to spell, and a sum in Addition, which she must also prepare. The school then broke up, and she found the carriage waiting for her, and drove home.

When her mother asked her how she liked it, she said she thought it very amusing, it

was all so new to her, and that she would like going to school very well ; but she thought no more of her lessons, and played the rest of the evening.

Next day she drove to school in great spirits. Nodding to Tommie, she took her place laughing, and amused herself looking about, but when it came to her turn to read, she made so many faults, and the other children so often corrected her, that she dropped down to the bottom of the form, and when she had to do her spelling, she could not do it at all.

Tommie looked very grave and stern, and said, "It is plain you have not prepared your lesson ; I give you half an hour to do it now, and you must then say it again," and gave her back the book.

Mary looked at it, but was tired, and,

when called up again, could say it no better. In one minute the Tawse came flying to her feet, and Tommie's stern voice said, "Take them up, and bring them to me."

Mary was so overwhelmed with surprise, that she unconsciously obeyed, and Tommie said, "Take off your glove, and hold out your right hand;" and, before she almost knew what was to happen to her, she had received three sharp strokes on her delicate palm. Her first impulse was to cry, but seeing the children all looking at her, she was ashamed to do so, and got very red, and went back to her seat.

Tommie gave her back her book, and said she should have another half-hour to learn her lesson. She tried to do so, but she was so confused, she could not fix her attention, and

failed a second time to say it. The Tawse came flying again to her, and she had to bring them again to Tommie, who told her to take off her other glove and hold out her left hand, when she got four strokes upon that, and was told she must learn her lesson before the school broke up, or she would be kept in till she did it.

Mary thought matters were decidedly becoming serious, so she put her head down between her hands, and fixed her attention on the book, and went over and over the words she had to spell, so that, when she was called up again, she said her lesson quite correctly. Tommie then said he was satisfied with her, gave her a lesson for next day, and told her to come prepared with it.

Mary drove home in a state of bewilder-

ment and confusion, with her hands smarting, and the feeling that something very dreadful had happened to her. When she got home she flew to her mother and told her what had happened. Lady Douglas got very angry, and took Mary to her papa, and said, "Well, Sir William, see what has happened from your fine plan of putting Mary to a village parish school. She has been brutally beaten by the schoolmaster."

"How was that, Mary?" said Sir William.
"Tell me the truth. Why were you punished?"

"Because I could not say my lesson."

"And how did he punish you then?"

"He did not punish me, papa, he gave me back my book, and said I should have half an hour to learn it."

"And did you?"





Mary's account of the school.—P. 74.

“No, papa.”

“And what then?”

“He made me take off my glove, and gave me three strokes with a strap on the palm of my hand.”

“Was that all?”

“No, papa; he gave me another half-hour to learn it.”

“And did you?”

“No, not well.”

“Well, what then?”

“Then he gave me four strokes on the other hand.”

“And then?”

“And then he gave me back the book.”

“And what then?”

“And then I did learn it.”

“And did you say it correctly?”

“Yes, papa.”

“And what did the teacher say?”

“He said he was pleased with me.”

“And was that all the punishment you got?”

“Yes, papa.”

“Let me see your hands—well, I don’t think much harm has been done.”

Then turning to Lady Douglas, he said, “This is the first lesson Mary has ever been made to learn in her life. I think Mr. Brown seems to know very well what he is about, and if we want Mary to be educated at all, we had better not interfere with him.” And turning to Mary, he said, “Mary, you shall go to school to-morrow, and the best thing you can do is to learn the lesson Mr. Brown gives you.” Mary sat down and tried to do so, but soon tired, and bounded off to play with the cat.

Next morning Mary did not drive to school in such spirits as she had done the day before ; and when her turn to say her lesson came, she found she did not remember much of it. As soon as she had finished, the Tawse came flying to her as before, and she was told to take them up and bring them. She was then made to take off both her gloves, and Tommie gave her half a dozen sharp strokes on each hand. Mary bore them with difficulty, and hardly refrained from screaming ; but she was ashamed to break down before the other children, so she sat down, thinking, this is becoming very serious indeed, and worked hard till she could say her lesson correctly. When she went home, she was ashamed to tell what had happened, as she knew when her father had resolved upon a thing he never gave way ; so she said nothing,

and her papa thought it better to ask no questions, but was pleased when he saw her sit down and prepare her lesson anxiously for next day.

Next day was a brighter day for Mary, for she repeated her lesson correctly, and was not punished at all, and even got up several places, and Tommie praised her for having prepared it so well. Then Mary, when she found herself saying her lessons in company with other children, began to be much vexed and to be ashamed when she lost places, and by degrees got into the habit of preparing her lessons ; so she soon got up high in the school, and that gave her the desire to do better ; and when she saw the other little girls being sometimes punished when they were negligent, or did wrong, she submitted to be punished herself,

when she felt she deserved it ; and, when Tommie praised her for being diligent and good, she felt quite happy, and she began to think the little village girls were nice children, and spoke kindly to them, and they looked wistfully at her when they began to play, and she wished she might be allowed to play with them ; but then she could not do so without destroying her smart clothes, and the carriage was always there to take her home like a little lady.

After Mary had been a year at school her mamma died, and she was, of course, taken from school and kept at home till some weeks after the funeral. Many of Sir William's lady friends came to him and advised him either to send Mary to a fashionable boarding-school, or to get a French or German governess for

her; but Sir William sent for Mary, and told her to bring her books, and examined her in them, and he was so pleased to find how much she knew, and how well she had been taught, that he said, "Mary is my only child, and will succeed me in the estate, and the good solid education she is getting from Mr. Brown is better for her than merely to get accomplishments. She shall go back to the parish school, and I shall thus not be obliged to part with her."

Sir William's fashionable friends thought him mad, but Mary was very glad when she heard that, and she said to her papa, "I shall like so much to go back to the school, but I don't like going in such a smart dress and in a carriage, for the children think me haughty and stuck up. They are nice children, and if

I am to learn with them, I should like to be dressed more plainly. Might I have a cotton frock and a sun bonnet like them, and might I get out of the carriage at the end of the village and run through the fields to school?" Her papa thought she was very sensible, for it was her mamma that had insisted upon her being so smartly dressed, and driving to and from school; but he had not known all that was in Mary's mind. So he told the house-keeper to get a cotton frock and sun bonnet made for her, and to have them ready the following Monday, when she was to go back to school.

On Monday morning Mary came down to breakfast in a neat little cotton frock, and a white sun bonnet on her head, and her papa thought she looked prettier and nicer in it

than she did in her silk dress. So, after breakfast, he took her down, and kissing her, he put her into the carriage, and told the coachman to stop at the end of the village, and let her out at the stile which went over the wall into the field. So, when Mary was driven there, she got out and went over the stile, and then waited quietly till the carriage was out of sight. She then took off her gloves, and, sitting down, pulled off her shoes and stockings, and put them into a space left between two stones in the wall, where they could not be seen, and then ran across the field and over the stile into the next field, where the children were assembled before going into school, and suddenly appeared among them in her plain cotton frock and sun bonnet, and her little bare feet glancing among the blades of grass.



Mary hides her shoes and stockings.—p. 82.



The children all shouted, surrounded her, and she told them she was to come back to school, and would play with them, if they were not rude to her or teased her ; and they took her in triumph into school, and placed her in her old seat.

When Tommie came in, looking grave and serious as usual, he saw there was some excitement among the children, and looking for the cause, he saw Mary sitting in her usual seat, with a plain cotton frock, and her little bare feet hanging down like the rest, smiling and blushing, with her eyes sparkling with fun ; so he smiled and nodded to her, and said he was glad to see her back again, and took no notice of the change in her dress. After school Mary joined the other little girls in the field, and had a good play with them. She

then ran across the second field, and took out her shoes, and stockings, and gloves, and put them on, and then went over the stile ; and when the carriage came up, there she was standing waiting for it as demure as possible.

When Mary came home she told her papa how glad they had all been to see her again, and what a happy day she had had, and her papa said he saw no harm in her speaking to the other children, and playing with them, as long as they were not rude, and taught her no bad habits ; for Sir William was a sensible man, and not at all proud, very kind to all the people about him, and liked to be on friendly and familiar terms with all the country people, and was anxious that his little daughter should learn to do the same.

So Mary remained at the village school till

she was sixteen, and she was very happy there, because she came to like learning her lessons, and now that she was accustomed to do it as a matter of course, she was quite surprised to find how little she felt it as a trouble, and she was proud at the high place she had in the class, and that the other children looked up to her, not only as the daughter of the squire, but as the cleverest and best informed girl in the school ; and they were all so respectful and civil to her that she enjoyed playing with and became a sort of queen among them ; and when she saw how pleased and delighted Tommie was at her progress, and how kind he was to her, she came to value his approbation, and to become very fond of him. When she was sixteen years old her papa thought it was time to take her from school, and told Tommie

he could not thank him enough for the manner in which he had managed his little girl, and the pains he had taken with her; that she was as clever and well informed, as well as modest and unaffected a girl as could be, and that he thought, when she had learnt French and German, he would consider her education complete.

Tommie had also become very fond of her, and was sorry to part with her, so he told Sir William that he had taught himself French and German, and would read with Mary in the evenings, after school was over, if he liked. When Sir William told Mary what Tommie had said, and asked her if she would like it, she clapped her hands and said she would like it much better than to have masters or a French or German governess. And so it was arranged

that Tommie should walk down to the manor-house, after school was over, and read French and German with Mary, and then she generally insisted on his having tea with her, and so they became great friends.

When Mary was eighteen she lost her kind good papa, and had to have guardians appointed to her, and an old lady to live with her, and they would not hear of Tommie coming any more to the house ; and then they thought that, as Mary was left alone, the sooner she made a good marriage the better. So the old lady used to invite all the eligible young men to come to the house, and arrange all sorts of walks and rides and picnics, in the hope that Mary might fancy one of them as her husband ; but Mary went on her own quiet way, reading and improving herself. She was

quite polite to her guests, but never showed any interest in any of them. At last the old lady spoke to her, and said her guardians were anxious she should marry, and wished her to say which of the young men she was in the habit of meeting she would like best for her husband. But Mary said she was not thinking of marriage, and did not care for any of them, and that she would not marry till she was twenty-one, when she would be of age, and her own mistress, and then she would marry the person she liked best. No persuasion could induce Mary to give any other answer, so they left her alone at last. When her birthday of twenty-one arrived, all the neighbours called upon her to congratulate her, and she received a great many presents; and she had a meeting with her guardians, who told her

that as she was now of age, they must give up their trust, and that she was her own mistress, and asked her what arrangement she proposed to make for managing her own affairs, hoping that she would ask them to continue to take charge of her, but she merely thanked them, and said that when she had made up her mind she would let them know. She then ordered the carriage, and when it came round, she bid them good-bye, and stepped into the carriage, and told the coachman, to his great surprise, to drive to the schoolhouse.

Tommie was busy teaching his school when the carriage drove up, and was much surprised when the door opened, and Mary walked in smiling and nodding to him and to all the little children. He was so taken aback that he could only look at her when she said to him,

“This is my birthday of twenty-one; have you nothing to say?” Tommie stammered out that he wished her joy and many happy returns of it; but Mary said quietly, “You must do more than that.” Tommie, who had recovered his self-possession, said, “What can I do for you? You know I would do anything in the world.” She said, “You must promise faithfully to do three things for me.” “What are they?” he said. She answered, “I shall not tell you till you have promised.” He said, “I am sure you will not ask me anything I ought not to do.” But she only said, “Promise, promise,” and looked so determined to make him do it, that he gave way, and said, “I can refuse you nothing, so I promise.” She said, “Put your hand on your heart, and say, I promise faithfully to do any three things that

you may ask me." So he did, and then she said, "I shall only tell you what they are when the school is over; so you had better give the children a half-holiday in honour of my birthday;" to which he assented, and all the children rushed out in great glee to their play. He then said, "Now, then, what am I to do?" She said, "The first thing is, that, as every one has given me a present in my birthday, so you must give me one also. You must give me the plain gold ring on your finger." Tommie said, "I value that ring, for it was my dear mother's engagement ring, and she gave it me. Do you insist on having it?" "Yes," she said; so he took it off and gave it to her.

She then said, "The second thing you must do is to kiss me." He said, "You cannot ask

me seriously to take such a liberty." But she said, "Yes," and held up her lips; so Tommie got very red, and, taking her hand, kissed her lips. She then said, "Do you suppose that I could allow any one to kiss me unless he is engaged to me, and to be my husband? There is my engagement ring," holding up her finger with Tommie's ring upon it. "You are to be my husband, and that is the third thing." But Tommie said, "You know, Mary, the regard and affection I have for you, and I cannot let you do a thing that will expose you to censure. To marry the schoolmaster is not a suitable marriage for you." But Mary said, "I told my guardians that, when I was of age, I would marry the person I liked best. I like you better than any person in the whole world, and since losing dear Papa, I have always

determined that you should be my husband. You have given me your promise to do what I ask, so you must do it ;” and, added she, laughing, “You know how you bent my will to yours when I was a little girl, and now you must bend your will to mine. I shall take the same way to make you, and whip you with your own Tawse till you do.” So Tommie, who was madly fond of Mary, and saw that she was determined to have it so, gave way, and Mary told him to come into the carriage with her, and he drove off with her in a perfect tumult of happiness. When Mary came home, she sent for the Clergyman, and had all her tenants and servants assembled in the great hall, and presented Tommie to them as their future landlord ; and, there and then, she was married to him, and so Tommie became the squire of the parish.

And now I must tell you

*How the Fairies again tempted Tommie to do
a foolish thing : and what came of it.*

When it became known that Mary Douglas, the heiress of Douglasdale, had married the schoolmaster, the neighbours were much astonished, and blamed her very much, and were very shy of recognising him as a country gentleman ; but Mary and Tommie were very happy together, and he managed her property well, and was liked and respected by his tenants and farmers ; but the people who most rejoiced were the poor, for Tommie was very kind to them ; and as they knew he had once been a poor boy himself, they came to his house whenever they were in want, and were always welcome, so that there never was a day that

his kitchen was not crowded with beggars, and wanderers, and vagrants, and all got a meal and a night's lodging. But Mary was rather vexed that the gentry kept so aloof from her husband, and told him that he ought to acquire more of the habits of a country gentleman, and advised him to get a gun and go out shooting like them. Tommie did not care about shooting, but, to please Mary, he got a gun, and used to go out to the hill with it; but if the day was fine and warm, he often, instead of shooting, would throw himself down on the grass, or on one of the Fairy Knowes, and put his gun near him and lie there, thinking over all that had happened to him, and how happy he was to have Mary, he was so fond of, as his wife.

One very hot day he lay down on one of

the Fairy Knowes, as usual, and fell asleep. How long he slept he did not know, but it was late when he awoke with the sound of voices in his ear. He soon recognised the voices as those of the Fairies, who had come to the Knowe when he was asleep. He heard a tiny voice say, “So our friend Tommie has become a great man at last !”

“Yes,” said another voice he recognised as that of the Brownie ; “but he does not know how to behave as a Squire, and his neighbours despise him.”

“How so ?” said the first voice.

“Why,” said the Brownie, “he has so many poor people about him, and his kitchen so full of beggars, that every one can see that he was of low origin, and is fond of low company.”

“Why, what would you have him do ?”

cried the first ; “ it is like Tommie to be kind to the poor.”

“ Yes,” said the Brownie ; “ but he can be kind to them without having them about him. If he wants to be thought a great man, and be looked up to, he should keep them at a distance. It is hard for his wife to hear her husband talked of as the companion of beggars and vagrants.”

And then all was silent.

After a time Tommie went slowly home, thinking over what he had heard, and the more he thought, the more confused his thoughts became, till he at last resolved that he would act on the Brownie’s advice. So, next day, he told the porter at the gate that he was to allow no beggars or vagrants to get within the grounds. They were much surprised when they were warned off, but used

to watch the porter, and slip past when his back was turned. Then Tommie got a fierce watch-dog to beat them off, and then they went round to the back of the house, where there was a plantation, and got over the wall into the wood, and made their way to the kitchen ; and the more they persevered, the angrier he got. So, at last, he applied to the County Police to send him a policeman to guard the back of his house, and was told that a policeman would be sent him next day. Next morning, after waiting some time for the policeman, the day was so fine, that he could not resist taking a walk, so he left a message that, if the policeman came, he was to watch the plantation at the back of the house, and if any poor person or beggar made his way over the wall into the wood, he was to be

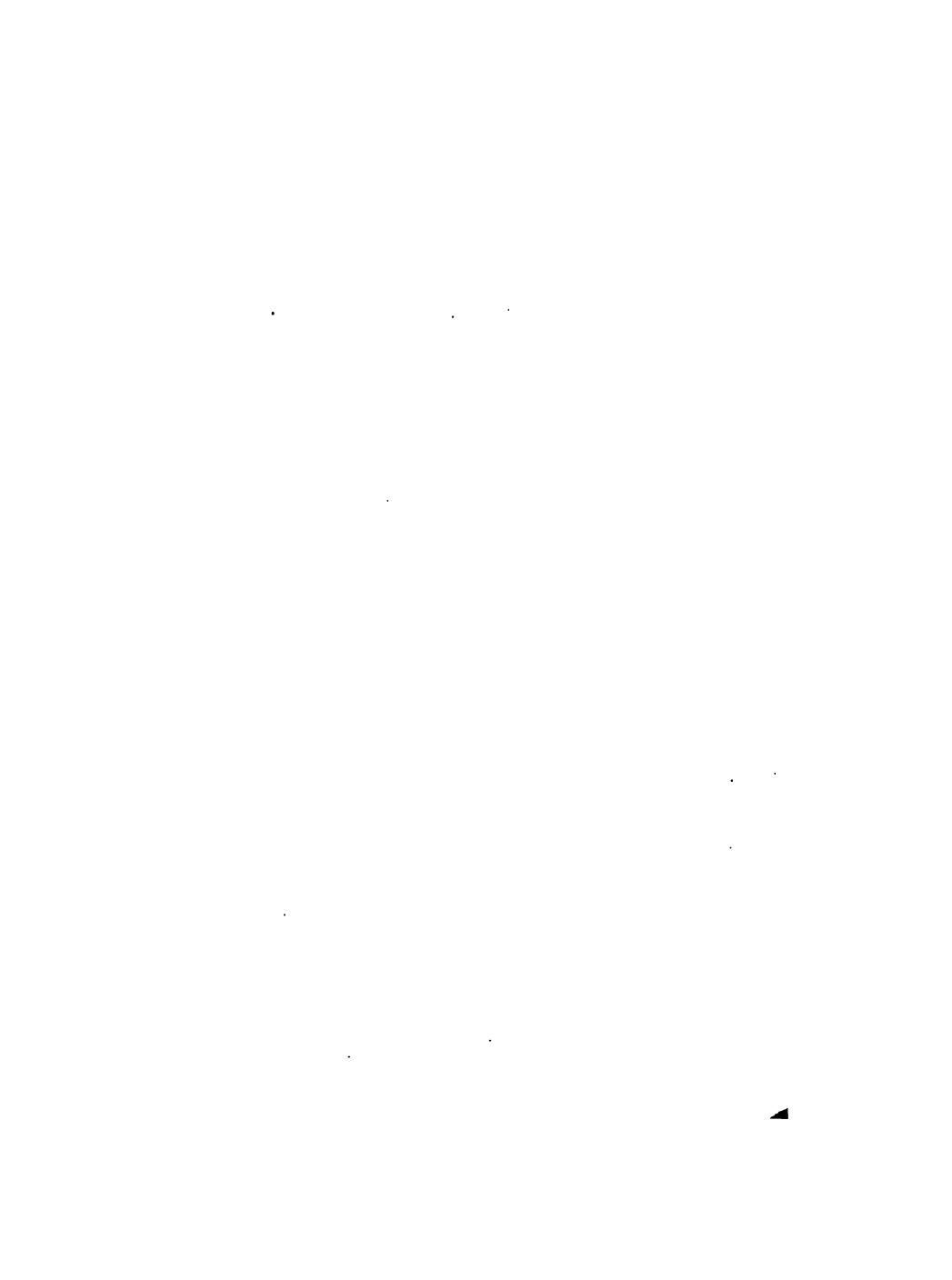
taken up for trespassing, and taken before the nearest Justice of the Peace.

Tommie then went out and sauntered down towards the shore. The day was extremely fine, and the sun shone with great power, so that Tommie felt quite warm when he got to the bay; and when he saw the sea before him as smooth as glass and glittering under the rays of the sun, he could not resist the desire to plunge in and have a swim. So, going to one of the sandy hillocks which were covered with grass, he quietly undressed, and deposited his clothes there, and then running across the hard firm sand of the shore, he plunged into the sea, and swam out a long way, enjoying the cool water and the exercise. In the meantime a beggar, who was passing along as far from the gate of the manor-house

as possible, so as to avoid being warned off by the porter, and perhaps having the dog set at him, came to the hillock, and, to his surprise, saw a bundle of clothes lying, and no one near them. He was himself covered with miserable rags, and he could not help thinking how nice it would be if he could change them for these good clothes. He walked on, looking about him, but saw no one, and then he could not resist turning back, and having another look at them. At last he could resist it no longer, and, quietly putting off his rags, he put on Tommie's good clothes, and boots, and hat, and, leaving his rags in their place, he walked off as quickly as he could, and was soon out of sight. Tommie was loth to leave the water, he found his bath so delicious ; but at last he swam to the shore, and, running up and down

the beach several times to dry himself in the sun, he went to the hillock where he had left his clothes, and was very much surprised when he found them gone and a heap of dirty rags in their place. He did not know what to do, and whether he should not go back into the water and wait till some one passed ; but he began to feel very chilly. So he ran up to the top of the hillock, and looked in every direction, but could see no one, and then he felt that there was no help for it, but to put on the rags, and try to get into his house unobserved. So, with great disgust, he got himself into the rags, and then, making a sort of circuit, he got round his house till he came to the back of it, when he climbed over the wall and got into the plantation. He forgot all about the policeman, who observed him, and quietly followed

him. When Tommie got to the back of his house, he saw the window of his dressing-room half open, and, looking about, he found a garden ladder near, so he thought that was the very thing, and that, by putting it against the wall, he could get into his dressing-room unobserved, where he could change his rags for other clothes. He had hardly, however, put the ladder against the wall, and mounted half-way up, when he felt himself caught by the leg by a firm hand, and a rough voice said, “What are you doing there? You come down at once; we caught you just in time.” Tommie looked down and saw it was the policeman who had laid hold of him, and said, “My good man, I am Mr. Brown;” but the policeman said hoarsely, “No resistance; come down at once, or I’ll throw down the ladder.”





The Squire arrested by the policeman.—P. 103.

So Tommie had to come down, and then he said, "Come round to the front of the house, and you will find out that I am Mr. Brown;" but the policeman said, "My orders are to take up every beggar that enters the plantation, and take them to the nearest Justice of the Peace. You are evidently a beggar, and I have caught you not only trespassing, but trying to break into the house. You must go with me to the nearest Magistrate; you can tell your story to him." So, in spite of all Tommie could say, he had to go with the policeman to the nearest Magistrate, who lived some miles off. When he arrived there, he told his story to the Magistrate, but he only laughed, and said, "it was a likely story indeed. You have been caught not only trespassing, but trying to break into the house. I must

commit you for trial, so you can say what you can for yourself at the trial." So he sent Tommie to prison in the nearest town, where he was locked up in a cell and fed on bread and water.

When Tommie did not return home that day, Mary was not alarmed, as she knew that he often lay down on the Fairy Knowe, and remained there till late at night; but when the night passed, and he did not appear, she became alarmed; and as soon as daylight appeared next morning, she sent to all the houses in the neighbourhood to ask if he had passed the night there, but could hear nothing of him. She then sent in every direction, and told her servants to ask every one they met, and every one in the village; but she could hear nothing of him, except that he had been

seen going down to the shore, but no one had seen him return. She was told that the policeman had found a man trying to break into the house ; but the policeman had quite forgotten that he had said he was Mr. Brown, as he did not believe him at the time. So Mary did not know what to make of it. Sometimes she thought he might have been drowned in bathing ; but then she knew her husband was a good swimmer, and she thought that, if that had happened, his clothes would have been found on the shore. Then she thought that the man who had tried to break into the house must have met him and killed him ; but then she thought that as he was a strong and active man, he would have made resistance, and his cries for help would have been heard and his body found. So she did not know what to

think, but continued her search day after day, and passed her days in fearful anxiety, till, one day, a man arrived on horseback from the nearest town with a letter to her. This letter proved to be from the Sheriff of the County, to tell her that he had been examining a man charged with trying to break into her house, and that the man said that, if Mary Douglas was sent for, she would prove his innocence. Enclosed was a note, which, when she opened it, she found was in Tommie's handwriting, and contained merely the words: "Come as quickly as you can, and bring a suit of my clothes with you." Mary was much puzzled, but she ordered her carriage, and, putting a suit of Tommie's clothes in a bag, she drove to the Court-house in the town.

When she entered the Court, and said who

she was, the Sheriff took her into his private room, and sent an officer to the prison to bring the man. As soon as he entered the room, though dirty and in rags, Mary recognised him at once, and said, “Why, that is my husband.” The Sheriff looked astonished ; but when Tommie told him what had happened to him, he laughed heartily at the idea of Tommie losing his clothes, and having to put on the beggar’s rags, and being taken up by his own policeman, and signed a warrant for his liberation ; but when Tommie found himself in the carriage with Mary driving home, he said to her that he had been justly punished for having been so hard upon the poor ; that he now knew what it was to be sent to prison, and, while there, he had been thinking over his conduct and felt how wrong it was ; but he had been

incited by the Fairies, and hoped he would know better in future.

Mary was glad when she heard him say that, as she had never approved of the way he had latterly treated the poor people ; and the first thing he did when he got home was to order the dog to be chained up, and the porter to allow the poor people to come to the house as formerly ; and he sent away the policeman with a present, but without telling him that it was the Squire himself he had taken up. So no one knew, except Mary and the Sheriff, what had happened ; but the poor soon found out that they might come to the house, and Tommie's kitchen was as much frequented by them as before.

And now I must tell you

How Tommie was led by the Fairies to do a third foolish thing, and how the Brownies did not find their account in a trick they tried upon him.

A few months after this a great joy came to Tommie and Mary, and that was the birth of a little son. Tommie wished it to be called William, after Mary's father, but Mary said that it must be called Tommie, after her husband; so the child was christened not even Thomas, but Tommie, and it soon came to be called Wee Tommie to distinguish it from its father, for Wee is the Scotch for "little." Tommie told Mary to be very careful always to say the Lord's Prayer over him in the morning, and to bless him and the bed he lay on before she left him alone, so as to protect him

from the Fairies, which Mary was most careful to do every morning. Tommie and Mary resolved to bring up Wee Tommie very simply and hardily ; and Tommie said he would take care that he was not left to run about idly without learning his lessons, as he had been when he was a little boy, and so have to undergo such sharp treatment before he could be made to learn anything. So, as soon as ever Tommie grew old enough to run about by himself, and to begin to learn lessons, he was dressed in a little jacket and kilt, like the village boys, and fed upon porridge and milk, and made to run about without shoes and stockings like them ; and Tommie trained him to habits of strict obedience to his parents, and to be a manly and truthful little fellow, and was gentle and steady with him, encouraging

him when he did right, and punishing him when he did wrong ; and as soon as he was old enough, made him learn lessons, and taught him so well that Wee Tommie was soon much farther on than most little boys of the same age.

When Wee Tommie was seven years old his parents resolved that he should be educated at the village school, as they both had been, so Tommie took him there one morning, and put him under the schoolmaster. Wee Tommie was so accustomed always to learn his lessons well, and was always so well prepared, and was such a frank and manly little fellow, that he became a great favourite both with the schoolmaster and the school children, and when his papa asked him if he said his lessons well, he could always answer, “Yes, papa,” and if he

asked him if he had been punished, he could always answer, "No, papa."

Well, one day when Tommie had gone out as usual with his gun, and, after shooting till he was tired, had lain down on one of the Fairy Knowes, and remained lying quietly there for a long time, thinking over all that had happened to him with the Fairies, he heard voices on the top of the Knowe, which he soon recognised to be those of the Fairies, and listened very attentively to what they said. He heard the tiny musical voice of the Queen of the Fairies say, "I am afraid we shall never get hold of Wee Tommie, his mamma protects him so well, and he is so good a boy; but I shall never be happy unless we get him." To which a voice he recognised as that of a Brownie answered, "The best of women sometimes

forget, and the best of boys sometimes go wrong ; so you need not despair.” To which the other voice said, “What can we do ?” The Brownie said, “If we watch closely, a chance will surely come some day.” “But I am tired waiting,” said the Queen. “If you can manage to get hold of him, there is nothing I won’t do for you.” After this the voices were silent a long time, and then he heard the Brownie say, “I have thought of a plan. Suppose I and another Brownie go like little children to the school, and say we are the sons of a shepherd, and get about Wee Tommie, we might tell him wonderful accounts of bird-nesting, and persuade him to go out with us in the morning before his mother was up.” To which the Queen said, “It would be worth trying, if you were not found out.” “Oh,” said the Brownie,

“we would not be found out if we always went in after the Bible lesson, so that we might not be asked to say the Lord’s Prayer, or read the Bible; for no Fairy or Brownie could do that.” “But,” said the Fairy, “you would be punished for being late.” “Oh,” said the Brownie, “we would not mind a few strokes of the Tawse, so that we got hold of Wee Tommie.”

That put a curious idea into Tommie’s head; and when, after a time, he heard the noise of the Fairies going away, he got up and said to himself, “Since you are going to try that trick upon me, I’ll see whether I cannot play you a worse trick in return.” So, instead of going home and warning Mary to be careful, and forbidding Wee Tommie ever to go out in the morning till his mamma had been with him, which would have been the sensible

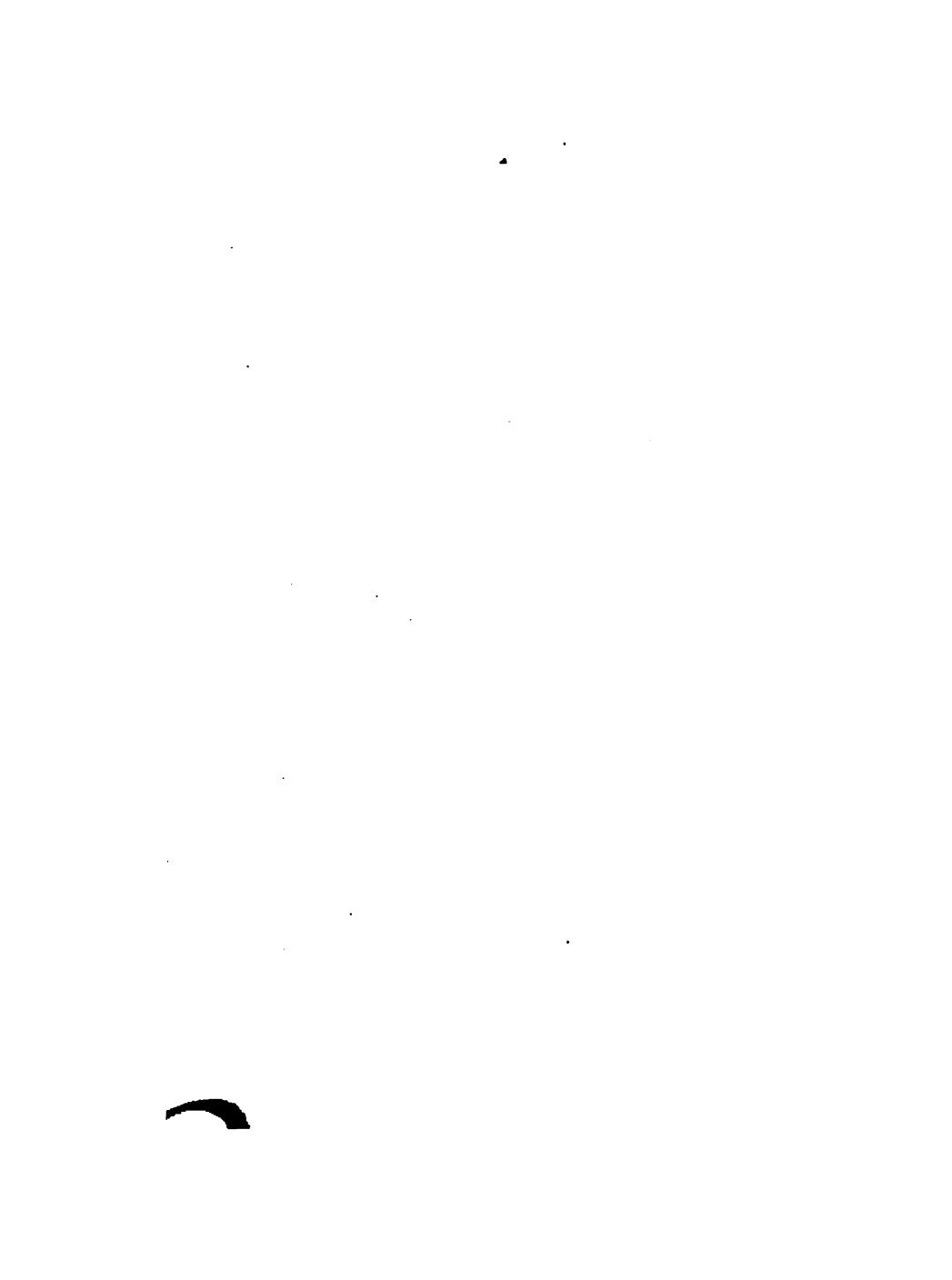
thing to do, as he might be sure of Wee Tommie's obedience, he went to the school-house and asked for the schoolmaster, and when he saw him, he asked him if he would go to the town and buy some books for him? The schoolmaster said, "Most willingly, if I could get some one to teach my school when I am away." So Tommie said, "I will teach your school for you for the rest of the week." Then the schoolmaster was much pleased with the idea of getting a holiday for a few days, and knew he could trust Tommie, as he had once been the schoolmaster himself.

Then Tommie went home smiling to himself, and next morning told Wee Tommie he would go with him to the school, as he had agreed to teach it for a few days. So they went to the school together. When Tommie

went in and took his place at the schoolmaster's desk, some of the older children, who had been with him when he was schoolmaster, were quite pleased to see him again, and he told them that he was to teach the school for a couple of days, while the schoolmaster was away, and that he dared say he had not forgotten how to use the Tawse, which made the good children laugh, and those that were not prepared look sullen and serious. After the prayer and the Bible-class, with which a Scotch school always begins, were over, and he was beginning the spelling class, the door opened, and two odd-looking little brown boys came in. They seemed rather taken aback when they saw Tommie instead of the schoolmaster; but they said to him gravely that they were the sons of a shepherd on a distant



The Brownies arriving at school.—P. 116.



farm, and that their father had sent them to the school ; and they felt reassured when Tommie simply said, “Very well, then. You can sit down and see how the school is taught, and to-morrow you can begin your lessons.” So, as Tommie partly expected, they looked round till they saw Wee Tommie, and went and sat on each side of him. But Tommie said, “You must go to the bottom of the school and sit there, and you will have to learn your lessons well before you can get up as high as Wee Tommie.” So they were obliged to leave Wee Tommie, much against their will, and go to the bottom of the school.

When the school was over, Tommie told them they must learn the lesson he had given out, and be there next day at the beginning of the school ; but they tried to get off, saying

they had far to come, and could not be in time. But Tommie said they must leave earlier and be in time, for he could allow no boy to be late for school. He then told Wee Tommie to walk home with him, and so the little brown boys could not get to speak to him. They said to each other, however, "Tommie evidently does not suspect us, and we will try again to-morrow."

Next day Tommie and Wee Tommie went to the school together ; but the brown boys did not appear till after the Bible class was over, and then slipped in, hoping not to be observed ; but Tommie looked at them sternly, and said, " You are late, in spite of what I said, and I must punish you," and threw the Tawse at them, and told them to bring them to him. They were obliged to obey ; and then he made

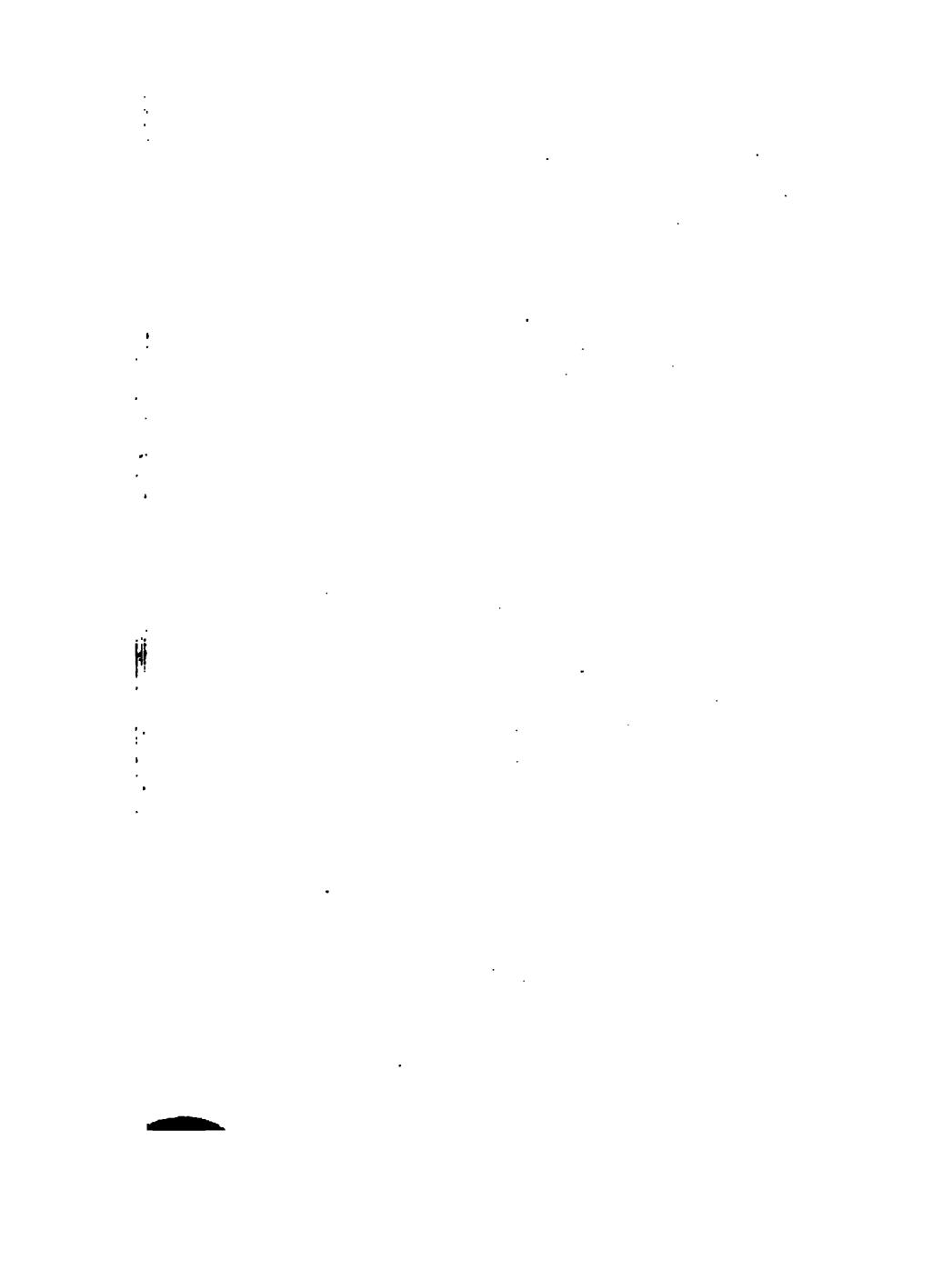
them hold out their hands, and gave them a sharper punishment than they at all liked, and they muttered, and growled, and sputtered, and twisted their faces so oddly, that the children could hardly prevent themselves screaming with laughter. Tommie then told them that he could not let them miss the prayer and the Bible lesson, and told them to repeat the Lord's Prayer, when they said they did not know it. Then he told Wee Tommie to stand up and repeat it, and that they must say each sentence after him ; but when Wee Tommie began, they put their fingers in their ears and danced with rage and howled, that they might not hear. So when Wee Tommie was done, his papa told him to lock the door of the school-house, and stand before it with the key in his hand. He then took the Tawse, and saying to the little

brown boys, “ I know quite well what you are, and what you have come here for, and have made you betray yourselves, and I’ll teach you to try such tricks in future.” So he laid on them with the Tawse, over their heads, and backs, and shoulders, and they tried to escape the blows by jumping over the forms and desks to the door ; but they could not get out, so they kept going round and round the school, howling, and screaming, and jumping almost as high as the roof, and Tommie laying on them as hard as he could, till he was quite tired ; and then he called to Wee Tommie to open the door, and, as soon as it was open, the two little brown boys darted out, and were seen scampering up the stream to the hill as fast as they could.

The children thought Tommie had gone



What happened to the Brownies in school.—P. 120.



mad, and gazed terror-stricken at him, wondering what was to happen next ; but Tommie, seeing the state they were in, said, “ Children, I had a good reason for doing what I did, but I see you are too excited to say your lessons, so I shall dismiss the school for to-day.” The children then all ran home, and Wee Tommie went home with his father, feeling scared and puzzled, and looking sometimes wistfully at his papa, but saying nothing ; and his papa was equally silent. When they came home Wee Tommie ran and told his mamma what had happened, who was equally puzzled, as it was unlike her husband to treat any children so cruelly. So she went to him, and asked what it meant. Tommie said he could not explain it to Wee Tommie, but he could tell her, and explained the whole thing to her. Mary

could not help laughing when she heard how the Brownies had got such a flogging, but she said she thought her husband had acted foolishly, as he could not explain his reasons, and every one who heard of it would think he had been guilty of great cruelty; and so it turned out, for the children told their parents about it, and they felt angry and astonished; and a report soon got up that an act of cruelty had been committed in the school, and it grew and grew till it reached the town where the Sheriff lived; and when he heard of it, he issued a warrant to take up the schoolmaster, and bring him before him. And when the schoolmaster came, he explained how he had committed the school to Tommie for a few days; and then a warrant was issued against Tommie, and some of the elder children were



sent for and made to describe what had taken place ; and the Sheriff said he was astonished that a man of Tommie's character and experience should have acted so. But Tommie could not, of course, explain what it meant, but said simply, that all schoolmasters used the Tawse, and were the best judges of how the children should be punished. But the Sheriff said, "It is quite true that the custom in Scotland is for schoolmasters to use the Tawse to punish the children, and the law allows it, provided it is used in the ordinary way, by applying it to the palm of the hand ; but it is against the law to flog children over the head and shoulders with it, and especially with unusual severity." So he made Tommie pay a heavy fine for having used it unlawfully, and issued an order, that he was never to be allowed to teach the

school again. And so Tommie got the character of having used two poor children very cruelly, and could not explain why he did it. But Mary told Wee Tommie that she knew why, and his papa had good reason, though he could not tell him, and that he must not mistrust his papa, but believe that he had a good reason for doing what he did, which relieved Wee Tommie's mind ; and he said that as his papa had always appeared to him right in what he did, he would believe he was right in this also, though he could not understand it ; and then went and kissed his papa, and thought no more about it.

I must now tell you

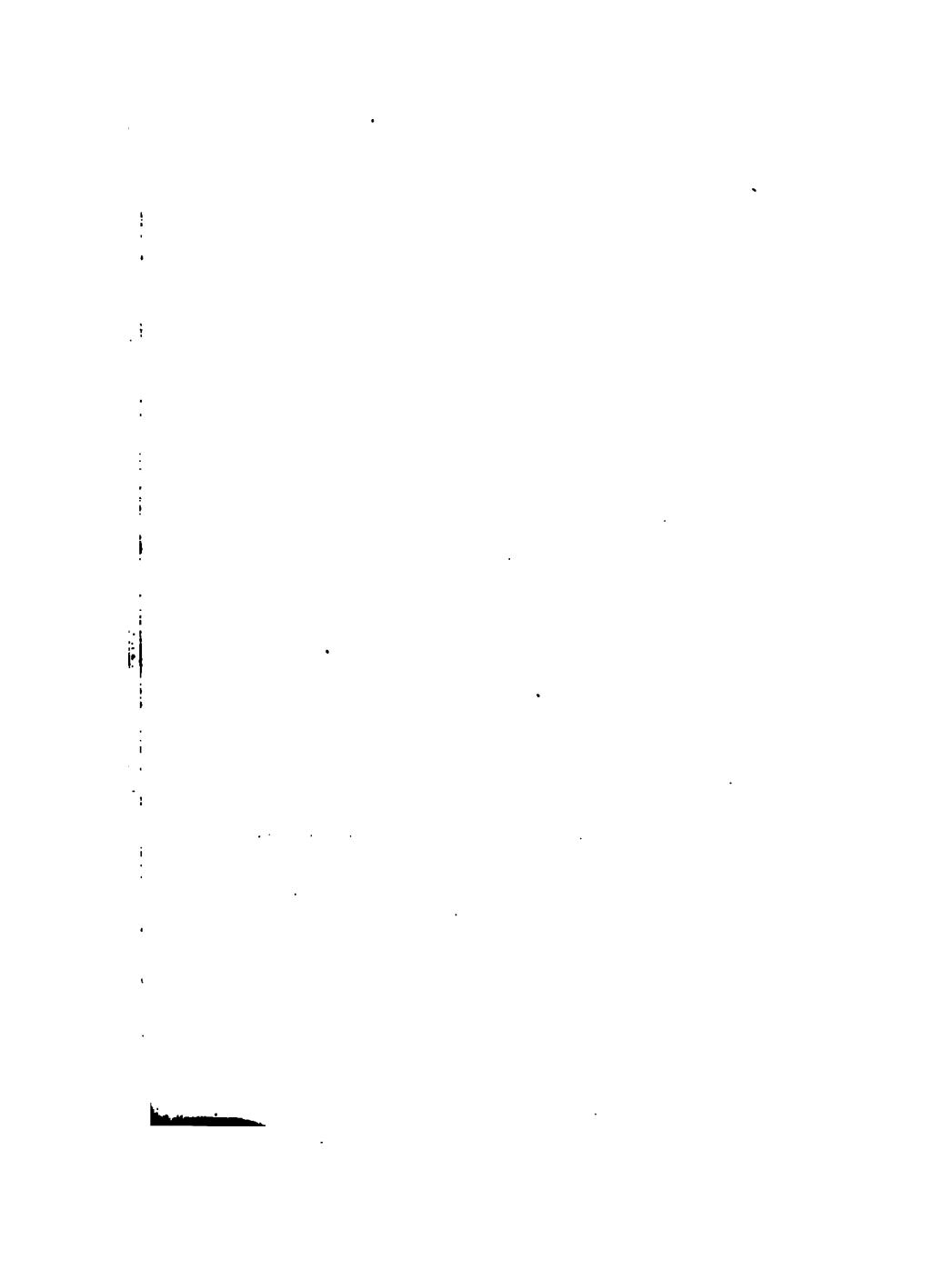
*How the Fairies got hold of Wee Tommie
after all.*

Wee Tommie remained at school till he was fourteen years old ; but though he was so good a boy, and so attentive to his lessons, he did not escape without making acquaintance with the Tawse ; and this was how it came about. When he was about eleven years old, it happened that when he went to school one day, he found a shy little girl, whom he knew, sitting on the ground and leaning against the wall of the school with her face in her hands, crying and sobbing most bitterly, and a number of the boys and girls standing around her. So he stopped, and leaning down, he touched her on the shoulder and asked her what was the matter. The little girl looked up and said

that she had been playing at ball, and by accident sent her ball against the schoolroom window and broken it. Wee Tommie said, "Well, if you tell the schoolmaster you did it by accident, I dare say he will not be hard upon you." But she shook her head, and reminded him that the windows had already been twice broken by their balls, and that the schoolmaster had said, if it happened a third time, he would punish the one who did it most severely. "And now," she said, "I have broken it, and I'll be severely punished, and I am frightened, because I know I can't bear it." Wee Tommie then told her to dry her eyes and be comforted, and he would manage that she should not be punished. The children then went into the school, but when the schoolmaster came in, he looked very angry, and



The little girl who broke the school window.—P. 126.



said, "So the schoolroom window has been broken again, notwithstanding what I said. It is too bad. The boy or girl who did it must stand up." Wee Tommie glanced at the little girl, whom he saw sitting pale and trembling, and then at once stood up. The schoolmaster looked quite astonished, and said, "What, Tommie ! can it be you who broke the window? How did you do it ?" But Tommie said, "You told the boy or girl who did it to stand up. Well, I stand up, and I have nothing more to say." Then the schoolmaster got very angry, and said, "Is that a way to speak to me? Hold out your hand, sir;" and he took the Tawse and gave Wee Tommie a severe punishment. Tommie found it more painful than he expected, for the schoolmaster was angry and gave it him very sharply ; but he was a plucky

little fellow, and bore it quietly, and then sat down.

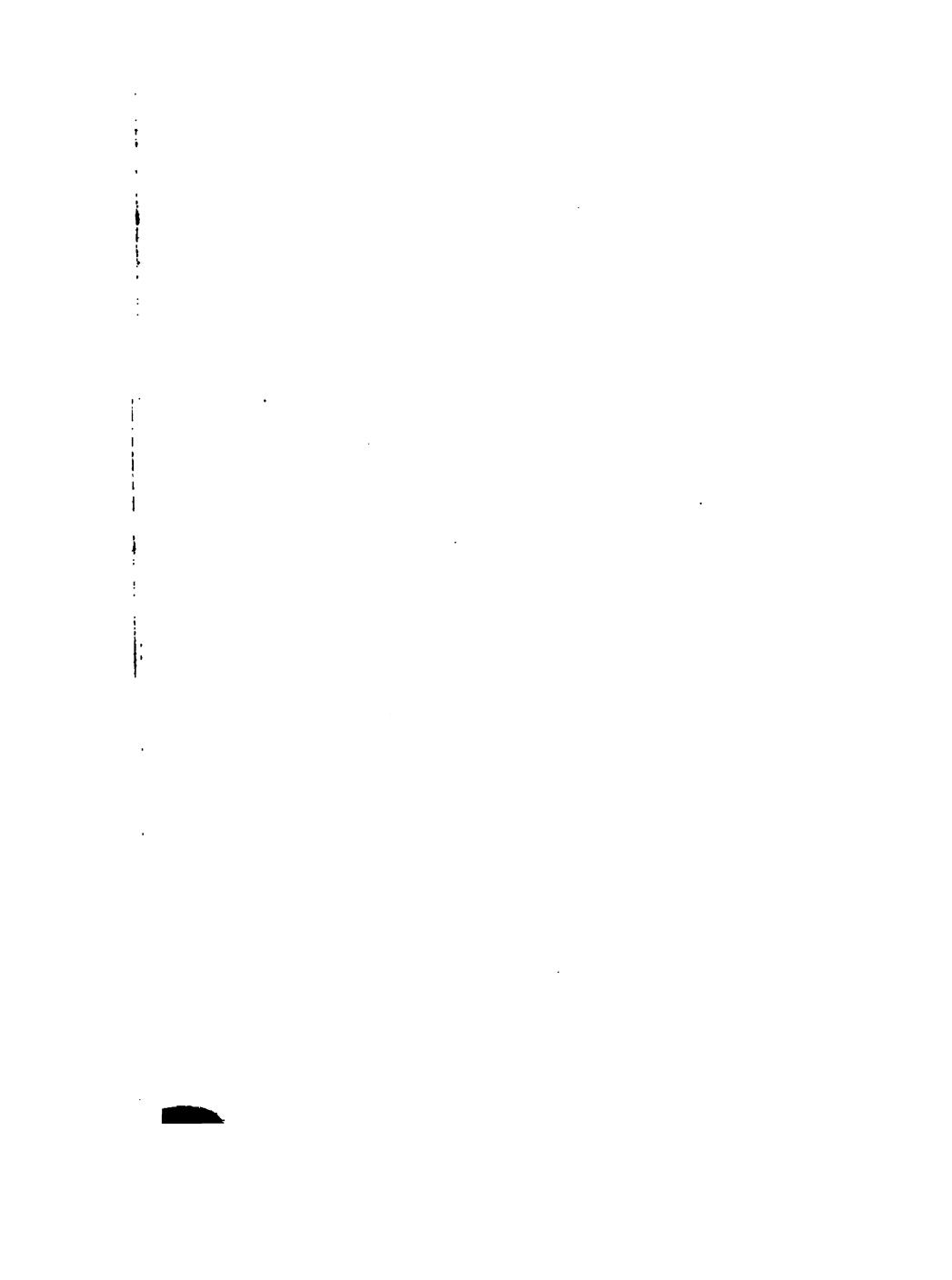
When the school broke up and Wee Tommie went out, he found the little girl waiting for him, who sprang at him and got her arms about his neck and began kissing him frantically ; and the boys all got round him and lifted him up on the shoulders of two of them, and carried him in triumph round the school, cheering and huzzaing. The schoolmaster heard the noise, and looked out of the window, and when he saw how they were treating Wee Tommie, he guessed how it was, but wisely resolved to take no notice. When they got Wee Tommie down again, he said to the boys that he was sorry when he saw the little girls punished, and that they were often teased and bullied by the boys after school, which he



Wee Tommie carried in triumph.—p. 128.

they had far to come. But Tommie said this would be in time, for he would be late for school. He would walk home with him. The two boys could not get away from each other, and Tommie evidently does not suspect his mother of being again to-morrow."

Next day Tommie to the school together ; not appear till after t and then slipped in, ho but Tommie looked at “ You are late, in spite must punish you,” and them, and told them They were obliged to cl



thought unmanly, and proposed that some of them should agree to protect the little girls, and to take their punishments for them whenever they could, and that it would be a manly thing to do. So six of the boys agreed to join with Tommie in doing this, and they called themselves “The Little Girls’ Protection Society,” and they made Tommie President ; and he told the little girls always to appeal to one of them if the other boys teased or molested them, and to put the fault upon one of them if they were going to be punished. So after that, in school, whenever the schoolmaster accused a little girl of any fault, and took up his Tawse, Tommie would either stand up himself, or he would nod to one of the six boys, who would stand up and say it was his fault ; and the schoolmaster was quite puzzled, and said it was very odd that

whenever he had to find fault with a little girl, he was sure to find that one of the best boys in the school was to blame, and have to punish him instead. But the little girls quite worshipped Wee Tommie, and he became the hero of the school.

When Wee Tommie was in his fourteenth year, the holidays came about a week before his birthday of fourteen. He had become very tall, and was so good a scholar that his papa and mamma decided that he was not to go back to school, but was to go to one of the Colleges in Scotland; and, as he would become in time a country gentleman, his papa thought it as well that he should become acquainted with the use of a gun, so he told Wee Tommie, as they still called him, though he was nearly as tall as his papa, that he would give him a gun

on his birthday of fourteen. So when his birthday arrived, his papa and mamma wished him joy, and gave him a case containing a beautiful new gun. *Wee Tommie* was greatly delighted, and went off with it to show it to the servants. When he went into the kitchen, and said, "Cook, I am fourteen to-day!" a voice said, "That is a good thing, master." And on turning round, he saw a curious-looking little brown lad in rags, evidently a beggar, with a plate of porridge before him. He thought he had seen him before, and, looking very hard at him, he said at last, "Are not you one of the shepherd's sons who came one day to school and were so severely punished by my papa, and never came back?" The Brown lad looked a little put out, but said he was, and that he was not likely to come back after such

a whipping as he had got. But he said, "I bear your papa no malice, and say that it is a good thing that you are fourteen." "Why?" said Wee Tommie. "Well," he said, "because the Fairies have no more power over you. Did you never hear the rhyme?—

"‘ For twice seven years the Fairies’ power
O’er little children may be cast ;
But the fourteenth birthday’s dawning hour
Frees them from their power at last.’ ”

Wee Tommie said he never had heard it, but he was glad of it, as he had heard that they had taken his papa when he was a child, and might try to take him also; and that his mother always said a prayer over him, and blessed him and the bed he lay on, before she left him alone. The brown lad grinned and said, "That is no longer necessary ;" and added,

“Do you know how to load your gun?” Wee Tommie said, “Not yet, but my papa will show me.” The brown lad said, “I can show you; and what is more, I will put you in the way of shooting a hare to-morrow morning, if you like.” Wee Tommie thought it would be a famous surprise for his papa, if he could bring him a hare that he had shot next morning, and asked the brown lad how he was to do it. So the brown lad showed him how to load his gun, and then said, “If you go up the stream till you come to the hill called Benshee, you will see a cave in the hill, and near it, on one side, a large grey stone. There is an old hare that always couches at night behind that stone, and if you go up early in the morning, he will still be there, and will start up when he hears your footsteps; and, as soon as he

comes out from behind the stone, you can fire at him, and will be sure to kill him."

So next morning Wee Tommie got up very early, and loaded his gun as he had been shown how, and stepped out of the house. He went up through the village, and then along the bank of the stream as quickly as he could, till he came to the hill, and then he saw the cave and the large grey stone as the brown lad had described. He slipped up to the stone as quietly as he could, and, when he was within six paces of it, a large brown hare got out from behind it, and went slowly towards the cave. Tommie levelled his gun, and fired at the hare, which gave a screech, and fell over on its side, while the rebound of the gun, to which Wee Tommie was quite unaccustomed, knocked him over on his back. When he picked himself up, he

threw down his gun on the hillside, and ran to take up the hare ; but the hare had also got again on its legs, and managed to slip into the cave before Tommie got at it ; so he looked into the cave, and seeing the hare lying as if dead a few feet within it, Wee Tommie got down upon his hands and knees, and crept into the cave. Just as he thought he could touch the hare, it suddenly wriggled itself farther, and Wee Tommie followed it ; and so they went on, Tommie always expecting to get hold of the hare, and the hare always getting farther in, till it at last disappeared ; and Wee Tommie, making one more effort, suddenly found himself at the end of the cave, and at the entrance of a sort of hall, the brilliancy of which quite dazzled him, for the roof and the walls were covered with crystal rock like glass,

which shone with a white light, and the hall was full of little white and brown figures, and in the centre was a sort of crystal throne on which was sitting a beautiful little figure, with long fair hair, clothed in glittering white clothes, with a crown on its head.

The moment Wee Tommie appeared she started up and clapped her hands, and said, "Tommie, Tommie, we've got him at last;" and all the little figures surrounded him, and began dancing round him, and shouting, "Tommie, Tommie!"

Wee Tommie was quite bewildered at first, but when he collected himself, and looked about him, he saw that he had got among the Fairies; so he said he must go home to his papa, and struggled to get back, but the Queen of the Fairies came up to him, and said

to him, “ You are tired and thirsty ; sit down and drink something, and then you may go back if you still wish it.” So she took him by the hand, and made him sit down on the throne beside her, and one of the Fairies brought a crystal glass full of some liquid, and she turned round and kissed Tommie, and told him that it was called mead, and made of honey, and would refresh him. Tommie was very tired and thirsty, so he drank off the liquid, which tasted very sweet and pleasant, and had no sooner done so than he forgot who he was, or what had happened to him, and felt perfectly happy.

The Fairies then began to dance and sing, and Tommie danced and sang with them till he was tired, and then the Queen made him sit down beside her, and drink another glass of

mead, and then they danced again ; and so it went on till, as they were finishing their fifth dance, they suddenly heard the trickling of water, and, looking round, he saw a small stream of water pouring out of the mouth of the cave by which he had entered. The water soon spread over the floor of the hall, and then there arose such a screaming, and rushing, and the whole scene vanished, and Wee Tommie found himself lying on his back on the hillside, where he had fallen when he had fired his gun.

Tommie rubbed his eyes and looked about him, and began to collect his thoughts and think what had happened to him ; but it was all confused and indistinct, and he thought he must have fallen asleep and dreamed about the Fairies. He then looked about for his gun, which he found lying on the grass not

far from him, but he was surprised to find it all rusty and old-looking. He thought he must have slept a long time, and that it had got rusted in the dew. He then got up, and, putting his gun over his shoulder, began to walk down the stream towards home, but he found himself very stiff and unable to walk fast. As he walked along, he saw a row of cottages on the opposite side of the stream, where his Grandfather's cottage had been, with a rather better house in the centre, but he could not recollect having seen them before, which surprised him very much. He then passed the schoolhouse, where he saw no change; but when he came to the village, he was again surprised, for it looked larger, and he saw houses added to it he had never observed before, and all the people he met

were strangers to him, and looked strangely at him, as if there was something odd about him, but took no other notice of him, while the villagers used always to smile and nod to him as he passed ; but his wonder reached its height when he came to his own house, for, instead of the old manor-house, he found a great factory with a tall chimney, and a number of workmen passing to and fro.

He went up to a man who looked like an overseer, standing at the door, and gasped out, “ What has become of the manor-house ?”

“ What manor-house ?” said the man.

“ Why, the manor-house where my papa, Mr. Brown, lives.”

“ Never heard of no manor-house, or of Mr. Brown either,” said the man.

“ What is this, then ?” said Tommie.

“This ?” said the man. “Why, you can know little of this part of the country. This is Douglaston Factory.”

“How long has it been here?” said Tommie, still more bewildered.

“Well,” said the man, “as long as I recollect anything, and that will be nigh forty years.”

Tommie could not make it out; and just at that moment he heard a loud whistle, and a rumbling noise between him and the sea, and, looking in that direction, saw a steam-engine fly past, roaring and panting, with a long train of carriages attached to it.

“What on earth is that?” said Tommie.

“Why,” said the man, “that be the railway. Did you never see one before?”

“Never,” said Tommie.

“Why, where on earth do you come from?” said the man.

“I am sure I don’t know,” said Tommie. “I left this house this morning, and now everything is changed, and I think I must be bewitched.”

“I think you don’t know what you are talking about,” said the man. “But I can’t waste my time talking with a madman,” and went into the factory, shrugging his shoulders.

Tommie stood irresolute, looking about him quite bewildered, and then he said to himself, “At least the schoolhouse is not changed. I’ll go there and see what it all means.” So he went back till he came to the schoolhouse, and, going in, found the children there, and the schoolmaster teaching them; but though the schoolroom was the same, the school-

master was a stranger to him, and he knew none of the children.

The schoolmaster asked him what he wanted ? He said he hardly knew ; but that the whole parish seemed changed since morning except the schoolhouse, and he thought he might tell him what it meant.

“ Who are you, may I ask ? ” said the schoolmaster.

“ Why,” said Tommie, “ I am the son of Mr. Brown of the manor-house. It is only three weeks since I left this very school, and only this morning that I left the manor-house, and now I find everything changed.”

“ You must be mad,” said the schoolmaster. “ I have taught this school for ten years, and never saw you before, and never heard of any Mr. Brown of the manor-house.”

“But,” said Tommie, quite bewildered, “is there no Mr. Brown in the parish?”

“No,” said the schoolmaster; “but a little farther up the stream are some cottages, which are called Brown’s Alms-houses, and a very old Mrs. Brown lives there as matron. She is, I do believe, the oldest person in the parish, and you had better see her, and she may be able to tell you about the people you are asking for.”

So Tommie went out of the schoolhouse, and crossing the stream by a small wooden bridge, which he well recollects led to the cottage in which his father had been born, he went up to the cottages he had seen, and knocked at the door of the centre one. The door was opened by an old woman, and he asked if Mrs. Brown lived there?

“Yes,” said the woman; “but she has just gone out.”

“Where can I find her?” said Tommie.

“Well,” said the old woman, she always goes up the stream about this time, and sits down upon one of the Fairy Knowes, and sits there for an hour gazing upon the hill of Ben-shee; but why she does it no one knows. If you go there, you will see her sitting on the Fairy Knowe; but she will not speak to you, or to any one.”

Tommie felt his heart beat when he heard that, and went up the stream as fast as he could, and when he came to the Fairy Knowes, he saw a very old lady sitting on the one nearest the hill, and gazing steadfastly at the hill, while, from the lower part of the Knowe under her feet, a stream of water, which he had never

remarked before, rushed violently out, and beat against the foot of the hill. As he approached the lady, she never moved or took the least notice of him, though she must have heard his footsteps. So he went round in front of her to speak to her, when she no sooner saw him than she sprang up with a scream of "Tommie," and rushed to him, and clasping her arms about him, began kissing him and sobbing and laughing alternately. Tommie was quite taken aback, and wondered what it meant, when at last she was able to speak to him, and said, "Tommie, don't you know your mamma?" He looked bewildered, and said, "My mamma was young and pretty. I saw her no longer ago than yesterday, and you are like her, but fifty years older." "Tommie," she said solemnly, "it is fifty years to-day since you

left your home." He fell down as if he had been shot, and gasped out, "Have I been fifty years dancing with the Fairies?" and after thinking a long time, he said, "I cannot understand it at all; tell me all about it, mother, for I see you are my mother." So she sat down beside him, and told him that, when he didn't come home on his birthday, they had become very anxious, and inquiring among the servants who had last seen him, the cook told them of the conversation between him and the brown lad; that his papa had then said, "The Fairies have got him after all, and the only thing I can do is to watch for him, as my papa watched for me." So his papa went out every moonlight night, and watched at the Fairy Knowes, but never heard or saw anything, and this he did for ten years;

and one night, when he was worn out with watching, and fell asleep, it came on to rain and became very cold, and he caught a severe cold, and it fell upon his lungs, and he took to his bed, and died ; that his mamma then could not bear the place where she had lost first her son and then her husband, so she sold the property to a company, who turned it into a factory, and she applied the price in building almshouses where the cottage had stood in which her husband was born, for poor widows and orphan children, and lived there herself ; and that she went every day at the same hour, and sat on the Fairy Knowe looking at the hill, and hoping that some day she would see Wee Tommie again. Fifty years had passed in this way, when, a month ago, an old gentleman, who had been born in the village, and

had been educated at the village school, and had retired from business with a competency, came to spend the last years of his life at his native village. He had seen her sitting every day on the Fairy Knowe, and asked who she was, and when he heard her name, he went up to her one day, and said, “Excuse my speaking to you, but I was once a little village boy when your husband was schoolmaster, and I was taught by him, and recollect your being in the school as a little girl. Don’t you recollect little Alec Black ?” So she recollects him at once, and held out her hand without speaking. He then said, “I can see that some great grief is upon you, and I have had great experience ; tell me what it is, and perhaps I may be able to help you.” She said, “None can help me.” Then he reminded her how he used to console

her when a little girl at school, if he found her crying, and said, "At least confide in me again now." So, after some hesitation, she told him the whole story, on which he said, "I am very fond of studying old manuscripts, and have a curious collection of them, and some, I know, are about the Fairies. I'll look into them to-night, and tell you to-morrow if I can find anything that you can do."

So next day he came again to the Fairy Knowe, and said to her that he had found an account of the Fairies of this part of the country, and that the only thing that made them yield up any human being they had got hold of was the water of the Holy Well, and he gave her the form of a prayer, and told her to say it over the Holy Well every day. So she said the prayer over the well every day.



The first day the water began to bubble up ; the next day the water reached the edge of the Well ; the third day it trickled over ; and each day it increased in quantity, till at last a strong stream flowed down the Knowe, and dashed against the hill, and increased, day by day, in force, till it seemed to make its way into the hill ; and that she was watching it to-day, when Tommie appeared. So Tommie then told his mamma all that had passed, and said that, though it had appeared to him only one night, each dance must have lasted ten years, and during the last dance, the water from the Holy Well must have made its way into the cave, and through it into the hall, and so the Fairies must have lost their power over him, and so he must have been there fifty years. He then lay down, and asked his mamma to say the prayer

over him, and bless him, as she used to do ; and she had no sooner done so, than he lost his youthful look ; his hair became white, and his face wrinkled ; and he became an old man, as he really was. So he and his mamma went hand-and-hand home to their cottage, and lived there together ; but now that she had got back Wee Tommie, as she still called him, though he was an old man, and thus lost the occupation she had made for herself in watching the hill, she got feebler and feebler every day ; and Tommie himself seemed to live in a sort of dream, and had a bewildered and scared look about him ; and at last his mamma could not get out of bed, and he passed almost his whole time sitting beside her ; and then one day she said, “Take me in your arms and kiss me, Tommie,” and after Tommie had done so, she

gave a sigh, and died in his arms. Tommie sat as if stupefied, and at last was led away by the old woman, that preparations might be made for the funeral.

When it became known in the parish that the old lady who had been so kind to the widows and orphan children was dead, and people recollect ed that she had once been the lady of the manor, they all turned out to be present at her funeral. She was buried in the burying-ground of the Parish Church, and Tommie followed her body as chief mourner, and stood at the grave with a sad and despairing look; and the people looked at him with much sympathy, but did not venture to speak to him, as his strange story had become known in the parish. But some of them fancied they saw a curious-looking little brown man looking

over the churchyard wall at the funeral ; and when it was over, they observed him touch Tommie on the arm, as he passed out, and speak very earnestly to him ; and they saw Tommie nod assent to what he was saying, and then walk quietly home. The next day the clergyman who had officiated at the funeral went to see Tommie ; but when he came to the house, the old woman told him that Tommie had not gone to bed all night, but that she had heard him walking up and down his room, and that at daybreak he had gone out, and walked up the stream in the direction of the hill of Benshee, and had not come back.

And Tommie never came back, and it was generally believed that the brown man had brought some message from the Fairies, and that he had gone back to them, and was living

with them in the centre of the hill. Some shepherds thought they sometimes saw a figure like him sitting on one of the Fairy Knowes, but whenever they came up to it, it was not to be seen ; and the sexton thought he sometimes saw a figure sitting on the grave where old Mrs. Brown was buried ; but certain it is, that from that day Wee Tommie Brown never came back to his house, and everything became still more changed. The village increased till it became a small town, and the factory brought a number of workpeople ; and at last the schoolhouse was pulled down, and two large new schoolhouses built—one for boys and the other for girls,—and they were not allowed to sit together in the same school, and were made to wear shoes and stockings, and the boys had to wear trousers instead of the kilt ;

and a grand new schoolmaster was got for the boys, and a schoolmistress for the girls, and they were taught many more things—French, and German, and Italian, and Mathematics ; and they got lectures on Chemistry, and Botany, and Astronomy ; and when the boys had to be punished, they got lines to write out in the evening, or were kept in school when they should have been playing, and the girls got extra tasks to learn, and they did not take places in school, but got good and bad marks, which were sent to their parents ; and the reign of King Tawse came to an end.

But the children did not like the change, and would have been very glad indeed to have had their old schoolmaster back again, with his Tawse, and to have sat together in the old schoolhouse ; and, what was curious, their

parents thought, though they had a smattering of many things, they were not so well taught, or were such good scholars as they used to be, and they were more troublesome, and not so obedient and well-behaved, but were self-willed and conceited.

And the Fairies were never more seen or heard of in the parish. Then the very wise people in the parish, like some wise little friends of mine, said they did not believe that there were or ever had been such people as Fairies ; but others said, “If there are no Fairies, what has become of Wee Tommie Brown? Tell us that!” and they never could answer that question ; and I daresay my wise little friend cannot answer it either, and I am very sure that I can’t.

EPILOGUE.

Children, with a sigh of regret. Is that the end ?

Uncle, with a sigh of relief. Yes, that is the end.

Elma, staggered in her belief. But who really were the Fairies and the Brownies ?

Uncle. Shall I tell you what the old gentleman found in his manuscripts about them ?

All. Yes, do.

Uncle. Well, he found this, that long ago the first people that inhabited Scotland were a race of little brown people, and nobody knew

where they came from. They lived in small houses they had built with stones underground, with narrow passages to them, and they had bows and arrows, the points of the arrows being made of flint, with which they killed birds and beasts for food. Their flint arrow-heads are still found in Scotland, and are called by the people Fairy bolts.

Well, one day there came to Scotland some ships that had sailed over the ocean from Denmark, and on board of them were a fair people, of very dignified appearance, and clothed in flowing robes, who landed in Scotland. When the little brown people saw them, they thought them superior beings, and welcomed them as guests. They called themselves Danans, and they were a very wise people, and among them were some so wise that they were called Druids

or magicians. So they lived with the brown people and taught them many arts, and how to dig mines, and bring up iron and copper to make utensils of; and at last they made them their servants, and obliged them to do all the work, while they lived at ease themselves.

Then, many years after this, there came other ships to Scotland, and they came from Spain, and they had on board people who were called Scots, and they were very warlike and were well armed. So the Scots landed, and resolved to take possession of the country, and the Danans assembled to oppose them, and there was to be a great battle. Then a great Druid or magician among the Danans said he would go to the Scots and prevent the battle. So he went to them, and said that he thought it was a pity that they should fight for the

country, as, whoever won, a great many people on both sides would be killed, and that he had a proposal to make, which was this—that they should go back into their ships, and work them out to sea till they got beyond the ninth wave, and if they then succeeded in landing again, the Danans would yield up the country to them.

If you are ever on the seashore when there is a surf on, and the waves are breaking on the beach, and will count the waves, as they come, you will always find that the ninth wave is the largest and the heaviest. Well, it was beyond this wave the Scots were to go, and they agreed at once, for they thought they would still be near the shore, and that there would be no difficulty in landing ; but as soon as they got into their ships again, and got beyond the ninth wave, the magician caused, by

his enchantments, a great fog to come, which covered the whole land, so that they could not see it, and raised such a storm on the sea, that the ships were driven against each other, and were all wrecked, and the people in them drowned, except one ship, the people on board of which, seeing what was happening, got the sails up and sailed back to Spain. When they told their countrymen there what had happened, they were very angry, and were determined not to be beat. So they fitted out another fleet of ships, which they filled full of armed men, and sailed back to Scotland. The Danans did not expect them, so the Scots landed easily, and prepared to fight the Danans, who assembled to oppose them. Then the magician went again to the Scots, and said he had another proposal to make ; but the Scots would hardly

listen to him, and said nothing would make them go back to their ships, and that they would fight the Danans. But the magician said, “At least, listen to my proposal. There are in Scotland a number of little green mounds. Give us these mounds to ourselves to live on, and we shall give up all the rest of the country to you, without your having to fight for it.” The Scots thought there could be no harm in agreeing to that proposal, as, if they were once in possession of the country, they could easily drive the Danans from the green mounds whenever they liked. So they agreed to it, and made peace. The magician then went back to his own people, and told them what he had done, and that, in order to prevent the Scots taking the mounds from them, he would make them all invisible. So, by his enchant-

ments, he made them all invisible, both Danans and their brown servants, and the Danans are the Fairies, and the brown people the Brownies, and they revenge themselves on the Scots by trying to steal their children, and leave little Brownies in their stead.

Children, eagerly. How we should like to see the Fairies. Wouldn't you, uncle?

Uncle, quite exhausted. I am quite satisfied with the five dear little fairies I see at this moment before me, so give your uncle a kiss for his long story.

CURTAIN FALLS AMID GENERAL OSCULATION.







